

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE various plans devised for a visible memorial of some sort to Queen Victoria are not growing less numerous, and the public have no definite idea of what is likely to be done. The musicians, supported by a great many persons whose opinions are worth considering, are pushing the idea of a great organ for Massey Music Hall. This scheme seems to be within the range of accomplishment, as the outlay to secure such an instrument need not be so great as to involve anyone in financial difficulties. In some other respects the plan is open to objection. As the Massey Hall is run as a money-making enterprise, there is no reason why the public should provide it with a costly instrument which may be utilized as a part of the Hall's business equipment, unless the most distinct and definite stipulations can be arranged to secure to the people free access to the Hall and the enjoyment of free organ music on a specified number of days and evenings in that portion of each year given up to indoor entertainment. Even then, I am doubtful whether a pipe organ would be the sort of memorial that would embody the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Another plan is that presented by Prof. Mavor the other day. Prof. Mavor seems to furnish the brains for a certain coterie in Toronto. His scheme, it may be noted, was unfolded at a special meeting of the sub-committee of the Citizens' Victoria Memorial Committee at the City Hall. The City Hall has been the starting point of a good many wild goose chases, but if Mayor Howland and Prof. Mavor had got their combined thinking apparatus at work on a proposition, I do not think anything more chimerical and less likely to appeal to general approval could have been devised than the plan for an amphitheater. The building, the public is informed, is "to cost about \$200,000, the site included. The building is in the form of a cross on the ground plan, the center to form a great amphitheater or assembly hall; the four wings designed to provide for a library, a museum, and an art gallery. The proposal is to invite existing bodies, such as the Ontario Society of Artists, the Canadian Institute, the Historical Society, and the architects, to join in the project for making a central home for the different bodies combined."

This idea looks all very well from the point of view of the societies named and the coterie who, like the Mayor and Professor Mavor, are worshippers at the shrine of "Culchaw." But how are the masses of the people to share in any substantial way in the benefits of such a scheme? How many citizens of Toronto would find anything to attract them to a building devoted mainly to art, science and history? The amphitheater might be a good feature if Toronto were not so well provided with halls by legitimate private enterprise. The excessive costliness furnishes a strong argument against the scheme. If we have \$200,000 to expend, we can surely lay it out to much better advantage.

I am not seeking to play the ungracious role of a fault-finder whom nothing can please. I believe the most appropriate memorial to the Queen would be some form of public charity which would go to lessen the suffering of humanity. It should be of such a character as to embrace as nearly as possible all classes—not merely the poor. Certainly no memorial that brings pleasure to the well-to-do and cultured elements alone, would be fitting. Even in bright and prosperous Toronto there must be many openings for works of mercy that we either lack now or will need as the city grows more populous.

PREMIER ROSS'S best friends are those who will not conceal from him that the Government stands to lose and the Opposition to gain from the growing conviction that the Ontario Legislature is the pliant tool of franchise-holding corporations. It may be true that it is a case of the pot calling the kettle black for the Conservatives to arraign the Liberals on this charge. It is equally true that the Government is, and must be, responsible to the people for the acts of the Legislature. The greatest weakness of any Government is the loss of popular enthusiasm. Although the people of Ontario know that if they turned out the Ross Cabinet they could not hope for anything better in its place, the Government will feel more heavily than the Opposition the weight of the growing disgust and distrust of the thinking portion of the electorate. The Ross Government cannot win on the strength of its organization, or on the weakness of the Opposition. Events of the past three years should have ground that lesson in more than skin-deep. The Ross Government needs a wave of popular enthusiasm to lift it along. Nothing will paralyze more surely the section of its friends whose warm co-operation is needed, than the feeling that the Cabinet lacks decision, courage and candor in dealing with the lobbies and the interests they represent.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHE'SI of Montreal, in his recent pastoral letter, reiterates the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to absolute supremacy in the definition of marriage where Roman Catholic citizens are concerned. It is difficult to see how such a claim can be admitted in its full meaning without introducing confusion into the State. If the Roman Catholic Church is to be given exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage of its communicants, every other church might fairly claim a like authority, with this difference, that they would be unable to impose spiritual penalties to enforce their regulations. The civil authority cannot compel an ecclesiastical authority to recognize as a valid marriage something that the former regards as contrary to the law of God. On the other hand, no sect can be permitted to legislate on marriage for the State. If the Church sets up one definition of marriage and the State another, persons who, in the eye of the civil law, are married, and whose children are legitimate, may be exposed to spiritual pains and penalties of the most annoying and opprobrious kind, for which they can get no redress, and their children may be branded in the eyes of a large portion of the community as illegitimate. The State, having exclusive jurisdiction over inheritance, must have, it would seem, coextensive jurisdiction over marriage. The State can recognize the rights of inheritance of children whom the Church regards as born out of wedlock and assigns to the status of heretics. In view of Archbishop Bruchesi's sweeping claim, it would be interesting to know whether the Roman Catholic priesthood regard it as possible for a Protestant man and woman to be married. Or is there, outside of the sacraments of that Church, no such thing as marriage? If not, by what name should the union of two heretics be called?

A GOOD deal of attention is being given to the prevalence of gambling in high society. Two New York clergymen, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford and the Rev. Dr. Huntington, state that play for heavy stakes has become so common in the "upper crust" of social life in that city as to constitute a scandal and a grave danger to everyone concerned. Dr. Huntington intimates that "hostesses can be found in the higher walks of society who will let young men depart impoverished from drawing-rooms to which they have been invited," and that there are "women of high station who take pleasure in exhibiting jewelry bought with

the profits of the gaming table." Bridge-whist, the craze of the hour in England, and an importation from that country, is held responsible for the access of gambling fever. Nothing can give a better idea of the extent to which women and men are interested in bridge-whist than some of the stories now floating through New York society. "The most serious of these, and about the latest," relates the "Sun," refers to the case of a young man who lost thirty-five hundred dollars at the house of a woman whose name stands as solidly for millions as Trinity Church does for religion. He was foolish enough, or weak enough, to play bridge at this house one night and to lose thirty-five hundred dollars. This sum, to his host, was a bagatelle, and to the woman who had asked him to play it meant nothing more. But it happened that he was a young man, living on an income of about six thousand dollars a year, and keeping close to the limit of that. His social life required an expenditure of just about as much as he made, and he had no accumulation in the bank from which this loss could be paid. It meant social ruin to him to default. Probably it can be maintained that there is no need for sympathy in the case of any simpleton who gambles with his eyes open and meets with such disaster. But it can be said on his side that he was, in a measure, under the necessity of doing what he was asked to do by persons to whom he was under social obligations."

I do not know that bridge-whist is played to any considerable extent in Canada, but in any event it has not yet assumed, nor is it likely to assume, the proportions of a

euchre for prizes are played annually, that afford a great deal of innocent diversion and do no harm. Every man who puts up his money against the bookmakers at the Woodbine is not a gambler or in danger of becoming a gambler. The fair winning of a fair bet may leave no moral stain. The real danger is when cupidity is aroused to such an extent as to make one careless of the means employed to win. In this sense any game of chance threatens the character of those who participate. The motive, however, means everything. There are men and women who cannot play the simplest game of cards, for prizes or not for prizes, without cheating or attempting to cheat. These people, even when they are not found out and punished, must be aware that they are victims of the true gambling spirit, and they ought to stay away from any game that affords an opportunity for its indulgence. This, however, is the very thing they are unlikely to do. There are men who couldn't play duck on the rock without yielding to the passion to win at any cost. Even in the simplest business operations there are men who find scope for the cupidity and determination to win by fair means or foul, which are the fruits of the gambling spirit. There is no real difference between playing for money and playing for any other thing good and desirable in itself. The evil is in the spirit in which the prize is pursued, and to a great extent in the uplifting or debasing environment of the game. Many a woman who would play euchre all night for a bit of china, and probably not hesitate at the most devious methods to beat out her opponents, would shudder at the thought of touching the

well to have them taught there. A child under twelve can learn a language with half the effort and in half the time required by a child over that age. Lord Salisbury, in a recent address before a gathering of commercial men, advised all youths who intended to engage in the pursuits of commerce to know French, German and Spanish before either Latin or Greek. Thirty-five years ago Matthew Arnold wrote in "Friendship's Garland" that the interests of England were imperiled by "clap-trap." He said that the industrial supremacy of England had been maintained because there was no competition, but that as soon as competition was organized by scientific training, England would suffer from her indifference to science. That prediction is so near fulfillment that the mercantile genius of Great Britain has taken fright. Yet whenever anybody rises up to assert the educational superiority of modern languages over Latin and Greek, there is wailing in circles of culture. This is what Matthew Arnold, no enemy of the classics, called "clap-trap." There is a good deal of "clap-trap" talked by educationists in Canada, but fortunately it is not making serious headway against the sober sense of the community, which is convinced that Latin and Greek should be quite subordinate to more practical and vital studies. Matthew Arnold was so unkind as to dismiss with contempt the average undergraduate's equipment for a serious career. He went as far as to suggest that familiarity with dead languages did not qualify a man to be a justice of the peace. As an English paper pungently asks, does it qualify him to win victories in industrial warfare?

As a result of a paragraph in "Things in General" last week, I have received a letter from a believer in the healing power of hypnotism, and a call from a professional hypnotist—"magnetic practitioner and therapeutic suggestionist" he prefers to be called. The latter has recently been conducting a series of public demonstrations of hypnotism in a West End hall, and he thinks the statement that "Toronto has had a great many improper exhibitions under the name of hypnotism this winter" might be understood as reflecting on him as well as on other hypnotists who have given exhibitions here. Of course I do not feel called upon either to deny or affirm the scientific character of hypnotism as applied by proper persons in the treatment of certain forms of disease. The point I was seeking to drive home is that the average travelling hypnotist or mesmerist—there may be a distinction, but in popular usage they are the same—is a most improper person to be allowed to use this little understood power and to teach its use to the ignorant and immature. Advertisements of "schools of hypnotism" are appearing in the daily newspapers, and doubtless many people who would be better employed in some other way are parting with their good coin in order to gratify a morbid craving to acquire a mysterious influence over others. I am told that these schools of hypnotism are the crudest kind of fakes, and that they cannot or do not deliver the goods they offer. I have no sympathy for those who lose their money in gold brick transactions of this sort. But on the other hand, if these schools do teach hypnotism, as they claim, they must be regarded as a source of danger to the community, for scientific men are agreed that the power requires to be exercised with care even by those who are thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the human organism. The average hypnotic entertainment, I repeat, is distinctly demoralizing, and it is astonishing that ministers and laymen who would not put their noses inside a theater, can always be found to patronize the most vulgar and silly so-called demonstration of hypnotism. The law prohibits fortune-telling. It prohibits the practice of medicine, dentistry or pharmacy except under license. Why should hypnotists and mesmerists be given a free hand with people's bodies and minds?

Is the Methodist Church culpable in publishing novels for gain? This interesting and highly debatable question is raised by the letter of a superannuated Methodist minister to the "Daily Star," attacking the management of that very successful business enterprise, the Methodist Book Room. "The latest novel or the sensational romance," says the writer of the letter, "has taken the place of the choice religious books that our fathers and mothers in Methodism gave to their children on the Lord's day. Ministers and Sunday school teachers, as well as godly parents, are feeling their helplessness against this torrent of iniquity. . . . Is it too late to get back to the original designs and purposes of our fathers, who in their faith and poverty started the Book Room for the spread of sound religious literature among our people?"

A question like this cannot be met with silence, but must be candidly faced and answered. It is true that much of the popular current fiction bears the imprint of William Briggs, who is nominally the Book Steward of the Methodist Church, and really the managing director of the publishing house known as the Book Room, a large share of the profits of which go into the coffers of the church.

The people of Canada may be reading more fiction to-day than ever before, but they are also reading better fiction. The books are better printed, better bound, and better in both moral tone and literary style than the books read by the same class of people ten years ago. Proprietary there are fewer cheap and trashy paper backs and Yankee weeklies circulating in Canada than at any time in the past. For this improvement, the Methodist Book Room can claim no small share of credit. Though it turns out books of fiction, they are amongst the best books in mechanical workmanship made in America, and they are probably quite equal in tone to the average publications of any general book publishing house in the world. It is not enough, in order to condemn the Book Room, to say that it issues works of fiction. It must be shown that these works of fiction are unwholesome or vicious. The day has gone by when even the Methodist Church can afford to condemn fiction in general terms. People who work amidst the dull greys and browns of the modern industrial world crave and demand a touch of bright color and a note of romance in their lives. They are getting these things in fiction, and in this sense the novel, even of the lightest and most ephemeral type, provided it is not morbid or debasing, has a helpful function to perform. The average Methodist preacher denounces fiction reading. Early Methodist practice, if not the discipline of the Church, condemned a great many things that are done every day by modern Methodists. Time was when the good follower of Wesley would not wear jewelry or gaudy raiment. Yet to-day there are probably as many paste diamonds and as much bargain-day silk in the Methodist Church of a Sunday as in any other denomination it would be possible to name. The Book Room has not moved faster than the Church that created it. If it is true that the Book Room publishes fiction it is also true that Methodist Sunday school libraries everywhere are full of fiction—fiction of the very poorest and lamest kind, that would drive any self-respecting youngster to something less wishy-washy and less crude.

It remains to be shown that the Rev. Dr. Briggs has ever placed his imprint on a book whose influence was at variance with good morals or Christian teaching. The Methodist Church need not feel ashamed of its Book Room so long as it continues to be as carefully conducted as it



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social evil such as it is becoming amongst the titled and moneyed idlers of London or New York. We have not in Canada very many who would feel like sitting down for an evening of mild amusement over a game at which it is possible to drop thirty-five hundred elegant dollars in a few rounds. One need never be surprised, however, at anything taking place amongst those who have no useful thing to occupy their minds and absorb their animal energy. People who eat and drink luxuriously, and keep irregular hours, and whose chief end is to cram as much pleasure as possible into twenty-four hours, are almost certain, sooner or later, to do things that will shock others, but that need not necessarily be accepted as a proof of natural depravity. Temptation and opportunity are an almost irresistible combination, and if there is such a person as Satan—which seems to be greatly in doubt, even amongst theologians—it is everlasting-ly true that he finds mischief for idle hands.

But what is the difference, at any rate, between gambling at bridge-whist and gambling at progressive euchre? Between the refined play of a fashionable drawing-room and the sordid, unbeautiful game of chance in the low-down poker joint? Is there any difference? We exclaim vaguely against the prevalence of "the gambling evil," but if we were candid with ourselves we should admit that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we mean thereby the crap game, the bucket shop, or the poker den in which the proprietor gets a "rake-off" on every deal. We do not mean, and we do not wish to be understood as meaning, such socially approved forms of wager as playing progressive euchre for prizes, laying money on horses, speculating on the stock exchange, sitting in for a quiet game with a five-cent ante at the club, or any of the approved fashionable forms of the same passion. I am not sure that there is not some measure of fundamental truth beneath the nice distinctions we draw in these matters. Playing for stakes derives something of its character from the surrounding atmosphere. It is largely a question of circumstances. I am quite convinced that thousands of games of progressive

smallest coin of the realm as a stake. Yet the playing for the latter, in a friendly contest, with calmness, honesty and good feeling, may be the less degrading experience of two.

PROFESSOR WATSON of Queen's University thinks that boys should spend more time in the High schools and less in the Public schools. He approves of a six-year High school course from the age of twelve to that of eighteen. He would have the High schools teach French, German, Latin, Greek, mathematics, and "what science is necessary." Also, he would have the Public schools teach three years of French along with elementary mathematics and science. Professor Watson's words are being quoted with approval in a large number of the newspapers of Ontario, but it is not being pointed out that his plan must of necessity apply only to students who are to pursue their studies in science or humane letters to a somewhat mature age, and that it cannot in the nature of things apply to the average child, who must leave school for good at the age of twelve or fourteen years. The Public school system is, and will remain, the whole educational system of the masses. Its course should not be a preparatory course for the High schools. The Public school should provide as thorough a training as possible in a limited number of useful subjects, for the average boy in Ontario acquires his whole education, in the generally accepted sense of that term, in the Public school. In so far as the boy who is destined for a university course is concerned, Prof. Watson's suggestion is probably a good one; but how to study the interests of this rare individual as well as the interests of the majority of boys without sacrificing either, he has not told us. Where there is a clash of interests, the majority have the right to prevail.

Prof. Watson is wise in recognizing the utilitarian side of French and German. Both of these languages are exceedingly useful in this country. If the Public school curriculum were not already hopelessly overloaded, it would be

has been to date. Of course the right or propriety of a church in competing with private capital in secular enterprises is another and larger question. But so long as churches run bazaars, luncheons and concerts for the money to be got out of them, there cannot be any consistent objection to their embarking in any other secular enterprise for the same object, provided they play fair according to the recognized rules of the game.

**A**RRESTS are being made in New York for spitting in street cars. There is a notice conspicuously placed in every street car in Toronto forbidding this unsightly and ungentlemanly, not to say unsanitary, practice. The notice is doubtless partially effective, but it is by no means entirely so, particularly in the trailers, into which the women are gradually but surely driving the men passengers. Passing between my home and the offices of "Saturday Night" I use the cars a good deal, and I have noticed how often the warning not to spit is disobeyed without a word being said to the offenders by the conductors. The latter have enough disagreeable and trying duties to excuse them from attempting to enforce a rule that was devised for the comfort of the passengers themselves, yet does not always appeal to the latter's sense of fitness. But I think the Street Railway Company should either remove the notices or give instructions that the rule is to be enforced. There is no earthly enactment that will prevent spitting on the streets. Nor can a man be prevented from spitting about promiscuously on his own premises, if he has not the good taste to provide himself with a cuspidore. But no one has any more right to expectorate in a street car than to go into his neighbor's drawing-room and defile the carpets or wallpaper. This is not an appetizing subject, but a good many things that force themselves into discussion are the reverse of agreeable.

**N**OBODY knows better than a newspaper editor that there are two sides to every story. The following letter, which its writer has had the courage and good sense to sign, gives one side of an event that has interested a great many Toronto people. I am glad to publish the communication in full, because the version it presents of a rather painful incident has not, I think, been presented in cold type before. The public have had the case of the officers and that of the union musicians. It is only fair that Mr. Bayley's friends, who have so far been very modest, should do a little "speaking up in meeting" if they think there has been an injustice.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to draw your attention to an injustice which might form a fit subject for a paragraph from your trenchant pen. I refer to the case of Mr. John Bayley, late bandmaster of the Queen's Own. The particulars are as follows: The principal band players formed a musicians' union some time ago, and refused to play with other bandmen who were non-union men. The result was the partial paralysis of the regimental bands of the city, whom they thought they could compel to come to their terms. The officers of the different regiments met and came to an agreement that they would not recognize the union, and orders to that effect and reducing the recalcitrant players to the ranks were posted in all the band-rooms, practically expelling the mutineers from the bands. The Queen's Own band suffered the most, as it had been longer in existence as a first-class band, and contained the largest number of soloists and professional players. Mr. Bayley was obliged to follow out the officers' instructions, and as a result had to draft in new and, naturally, inexperienced material to take the place of the strikers. The Regimental Committee finally went back on Mr. Bayley, who was a non-union man, allowed him to resign, and re-engaged the very men (the British Canadian Band) whom they had compelled him to eject, and whom he had expended years of training upon. One of their number was made bandmaster at a salary of half that paid Mr. Bayley, and the other bandmasters of the city, Mr. Waldron and Mr. Slatter of the Grenadiers and the Highlanders. The Band Committee thereby broke their agreement with the other regiments, and failed to support Mr. Bayley in the difficulty in which their own action had placed him. I think it was a mean and contemptible action. What do you think? Yours very sincerely, T. C. Jeffers, Organist Central Methodist Church."

**T**HERE is truth in the Hon. Richard Harcourt's thought that the University of Toronto would to-day be in a far better condition financially if during the past twenty years its professors had mixed more with the people, gone more into the county towns, and brought more prominently before the public the reality of the work the University is doing. No university in the world has a dearer lot of professors than the Provincial University of Ontario. Speaking generally, they have not attempted to keep in touch with the people, but have shut themselves up in their studies and class-rooms, with the result that few of them are known either personally or by reputation outside of their own small set. There is not a man on the staff of Toronto University who looms large in the intellectual or moral life of the province as the representative of any well-defined movement, principle, or ideal.

**A**LS the terms on which Andrew Carnegie offers free libraries are becoming better understood, it grows apparent that Mr. Carnegie is one of the shrewdest givers, as well as one of the shrewdest getters, on record. The Scotch-American steel king gives much, but in his library transactions he does not give something for nothing. He actually donates from one-third to one-half the cost of a library, which is then labelled for all time with his name. It is doubtless a good way to give libraries. The expense his beneficiaries must incur acts as a check on their receptiveness and keeps them from rushing in to take what they don't need, merely because it is attainable. Besides, Mr. Carnegie thus makes other people help to pay for his permanent publicity. So far, the value of Mr. Carnegie's offerings seems to have made more impression than their expensiveness. There has been a great "hooray" in New York over his offer to donate sixty-five branch libraries to that city, but the enthusiasm of the New Yorkers has been cooling since it was discovered that, under Mr. Carnegie's terms, the city's share of the cost would be from half a million to a million dollars a year, forever. Other cities are finding that it is easier to obtain Mr. Carnegie's gifts than to handle them after they are accepted.

**C**ANADA is certainly going to possess the future of the timber and pulpwood industries of the western hemisphere. A United States paper only last week made the statement that, notwithstanding the work of the Forestry Bureau at Washington towards preserving trees and re-foresting the denuded districts, the United States has been annually using, for some years, thirty-three per cent, more timber than the woods can replace by natural growth. While, however, Canada is going to have the whip-end of the situation so far as this continent is concerned, it is a mistake to suppose that the world's timber supply is approaching exhaustion. From a recent paper read by Dr. Schlich before the Society of Arts in England, it appears that Russia has an immense area of untouched forest, and the Czar's Government has issued timber decrees which are likened by the "Spectator" to the laws of the Norman and Angevin kings. There is this difference, however, that while the laws of the kings forbade the owners of land to cut down their trees because they furnished covers for game, the Russian Government permits cutting under official inspection. In other words, in Russia the trees are treated as belonging to the State. There is an enormous supply of wood in Northern Siberia, which is entirely covered by forests, but transportation is too difficult to make this supply presently available. Dr. Schlich states that Australia has much the largest supply of timber of all the British colonies, there being 5,000,000 acres of State forests in New South Wales alone. There is an almost untouched supply of building timber in Central America, the mahogany exporting States actually importing their building wood, although the great Central American forests are so near to them. By

reason of the inroad of Europe and America into the tropics, great forests, still untouched by the axe, are becoming available. There is a very large supply in India, although much of this must be left standing because the woods furnish food for the cattle in famine times. South America, the Philippines and West Africa are also rich in woods. It is certain that a wood famine is not near, but the distance of the supply may tend to raise prices in America and Europe, so that low-priced building-woods will depend upon home forest cultivation for years to come.

#### Social and Personal.

**N** Easter Monday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, St. Stephen's church was the scene of a pretty wedding which specially interested smart circles, as the bride, Miss Aileen Dawson, was one of the best known of Toronto's young ladies, and the groom, Mr. Charles Carrington Smith, is prominent both in the social and financial world, having since his arrival in Toronto been promoted to the management of the Quebec Bank. The service was choral, and the rector, Rev. J. A. Broughall, was the officiating clergyman. The church was decorated for Easter, and the white flowers and rich greenery made it very suitable for an Easter wedding service. Miss Dawson was brought in and given away by her eldest brother, Mr. Richard Dawson. Her bridal gown was of white satin duchesse, with train, and bertha of rare lace; yoke and sleeves of tucked mousseline. A handsome Brussels lace veil was caught with orange blossoms. The bouquet was of white roses. Miss May Dawson was bridesmaid, in a dainty white lace trimmed organdie over lettuce green, a black plumed picture hat, and bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Henderson, son of Canon Henderson of Montreal, was best man. The ushers were the Messrs. Smith, brothers of the groom, Mr. Dudley Dawson, and Mr. Moss. Two little pages in white and blue suits were Master Bob Bethune and Master Harcourt Vernon. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smith received the congratulations of their friends at a reception given by the mother of the bride at her residence in Madison avenue, where the wedding breakfast was served. Among the guests were the aunt of the bride, Mrs. Burns, and Captain Burns, the Bishop of Moosonee and Mrs. Newham, Mrs. and Miss Gowksi, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCullough, Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Montizambert, Miss Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Nordenheimer, Mr. and Miss Kingsmill, Miss Homer Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bethune.

Each night of the John Hare engagement has seen the most brilliant audiences, quite captivated by the capital acting of the splendid veteran actor and his bright company. Box parties more than usually smart have filled the loges, and the stalls were occupied by all the elite of Toronto society. Lord Quex seemed to catch the fancy of the people, though the reformation of a rōue is not credible under the influences shown in the play. A more weak and undesirable creature than his fiancee I have seldom seen. On Easter Monday, a real holiday audience began the week. On Wednesday the boxes were very smart. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Dave Harman, Miss Langmuir occupied the west loges. In the Manning box were Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kerr, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, and Mr. S. Small. A very pretty girl in the fourth box attracted many glances to the party. The Hare engagement gave some persons a chance to show hospitality to Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is the brightest and most enchanting of Cockneys in the Quex play.

The engagement of Miss Mabel Mackenzie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, and Mr. Scott Griffin, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Fannie Small and Mr. Budden of Montreal is announced.

The engagement of Miss Fannie Bethune of Lowther avenue and the Rev. Dr. Roper, formerly rector of St. Thomas' church, now of New York, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Jessie Montgomery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Foster Gimson of Gloucester street, and Mr. D. Wilson, is announced.

The engagement of Miss Victoria May Gimson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bright Hallworth is announced.

Three other engagements are being freely discussed among the friends of six well-known persons, two of whom are not residents of Toronto.

Captain Kingsmill's ship is to go on a six months' cruise, and during this time Mrs. Kingsmill will be with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, who, I hear, telegraphed their wish to her that she should return to brighten with her charming presence the home where she is so much missed. Everyone will be glad to welcome Mrs. Kingsmill.

Mrs. Charles Fuller of Bloor street has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fuller in Montreal. Provost T. C. Street Macklem of Trinity College leaves for England next week. Miss Nellie Marmon of Port Hope, who has been the guest of Mrs. E. F. Blake, has gone to Victoria, B.C. Mrs. MacKenzie Alexander did not spend Easter in Atlantic City, as reported.

The marriage of Mr. A. Dickson Patterson of Elmsley Place, and Miss Edyth Lalande Ravenshaw, daughter of Mr. John Hurdle Ravenshaw of Gloucester Walk, London, England, was celebrated on Easter Monday morning at eleven-fifteen, in St. Thomas' church, Huron street. Mr. Justice Moss and Mrs. Moss were the hosts of the bride previous to her marriage, and Mr. Justice Moss brought her in and gave her away. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Fattier Davenport. Only the relatives of the bridegroom, and a few of the friends of the bride, were witnesses, the marriage having been of the most quiet description. Miss Ravenshaw wore her travelling gown of lawn cloth with trimmings of panne velvet, and a very pretty fawn and lea brown hat, and carried a large bouquet of cream roses. After the ceremony a group of friends kept the bride and groom for some moments in the church, while best wishes and congratulations were quietly offered. Dr. James Patterson of Buffalo, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Patterson went to New York and Atlantic City on their honeymoon, and are expected home next week for a short stay before leaving for England, where, from the large and smart family connection of the bride, a warm welcome awaits them. During her residence of about a year in Toronto, Miss Ravenshaw made many warm friends, all of whom are very well pleased that she is to take up her residence for good among them. She intends, I hear, to continue her painting, and a very sweet studio is being arranged in Mr. Patterson's beautiful and artistic home for her occupancy.

Miss Effie Mackenzie, who has been visiting Miss Justina Harrison, went to Baltimore last week.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Herbert Mason gave an informal tea for her sister, Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, who has prolonged her stay, much to the pleasure of the family party at Ermeleigh and her many Toronto friends. Al-

though the invitations were by telephone, and most informal, quite a large party, and a very jolly one, was assembled at the tea hour. Mrs. Mason, exquisitely gowned as usual, with Mrs. Ewart and Miss Adderly, a very charming friend from the South, received in the sunny drawing-room. Mrs. Alley, Miss Strathy, Miss Mason and Miss Allie Mason (whom everyone was glad to see able to be one of the pleasant coterie), with several friends, gave the guests welcome and care in the drawing-room and tea-room. One could not help missing the sweet smiles and faces of Mrs. VanderSmissen and her pretty daughter, who are usually busy at the hospitalities of Ermeleigh, but were facing the Atlantic last Wednesday, en route to England. Among the guests were Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. Billett, Mrs. Alec Robertson, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Miss Justina Harrison, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Waterman, Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mrs. W. McKeough of Chatham, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Barber, Miss Dallas, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Jean Clark, Mrs. Julius Miles, and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander.

The marriage of Miss Jean Squarey and Mr. Harry E. Baine of Ottawa will take place on Tuesday, April 30th.

The engagement of Miss Florence Winder of Compton to Mr. G. Oswald Smith, B.A., is announced. Mr. Smith has recently been appointed professor of classics at the Toronto University.

The Empire Luncheon, gotten up by the young gentlewomen of St. James' Cathedral, under the chaperonage of Mrs. J. George Hodgins, Mrs. Grasett, and Mrs. Payne, was one of the most successful affairs of the year. For two days, these energetic and devoted workers did some very hard and earnest work, and, as they always do, gave everyone great pleasure in the doing. Miss Rutherford was head waitress, and her quick eye and bright greeting was always "en evidence," to see that lunchers were comfortably seated and well attended, though the last item was never in doubt, owing to the kindness and quickness of the amateur waitresses, from whom "the profession" might well take pointers. The schoolroom, in which lunch was served, was decorated with many flags and festoons, and the pretty tables, all sizes and shapes, from a tiny round thing (*en tete-a-tete*) to a big one set for a dozen, were daintily set and crowned with crimson tulips. The menu cards, prettily painted by some clever friend, with cute Brownies flourishing Union Jacks, set forth a delicious luncheon. We are talking yet of the Rutherford "weal-an' hammer," a great piece de resistance under pie-crust, and very much approved of by the hungry lurchers. The waitresses, in pure white frocks, raced hither and thither, scarcely securing breathing time during each day's rush. About five hundred took luncheon, I hear, from their fair hands, a sufficient record of hard work for the waitresses. There was quite a pretty rivalry in regard to the different tables, and the dainty little lady who served a couple of tiny *tete-a-tetes* until she was almost too tired to talk, was proud of having secured the first and the last hungry man who came in on Wednesday, which meant constant rushing after eatables and drinkables from twelve until half-past two. The young gentlewomen who took all this hard work for the benefit of their church were Miss Trixie Hoskin, Miss Audry Allen, Miss Hagarty, Miss Norah Sullivan, Misses Wright, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Miss Aggie Vickers, Miss Bethune, Miss Mary Elwood, Miss Homer Dixon, Misses Kingsmill, Miss Eileen Gooderham, Miss Brock, Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Queenie Strathy, Miss Burnside, Miss Smith, Miss Boyd, and Miss Eric Temple.

The marriage of Mr. Harry Gamble and Miss Edyth Jarvis will take place in St. James' Cathedral on Monday, very quietly, on account of mourning in the bride's family.

The Toronto Ladies' Choral Club meets on Monday next at three o'clock at Miss Hilary's residence, 9 Gloucester street.

Sheriff Widdifield has returned from Mexico, very much better in health for an enjoyable trip.

Last Saturday evening the German Conversation Club bid farewell to Mrs. Moore, their vice-president, at their reunion at Oak Lawn. Mrs. Moore is going abroad for six months.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts held their twenty-second annual opening last night at the Art Gallery, King street west.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra has returned from St. Catharines, where she has been taking the mineral baths at the Welland. The Easter holiday trains took a very large number of persons to this popular resort, and it is almost a necessity to arrange for rooms some time in advance, as several have been disappointed who neglected doing so. The Lakeside is now plying between Toronto and St. Kitts.

A handsome and popular gentleman is Colonel Field, who recently arrived from Montreal to spend some time in Toronto.

Mrs. and the Misses Langmuir of Tyndall avenue, Parkdale, were the hostesses of a small informal tea last week, a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Langmuir, who have returned to their home at Niagara Falls. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss James, Miss Homer Dixon, Mr. Homer Dixon, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. Alfred Nordheimer, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Miss Gladys Drury, Mrs. Gwynne, Miss Sullivan, Miss Rose Patterson, Mrs. William Ince, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. David Harman, and Mr. Gordon Jones.

Miss Holmes of London is visiting Mrs. Lister.

Mrs. Otter gives an At Home at Stanley Barracks this afternoon, to which guests are bidden, at four o'clock.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a very smart dinner party on Easter Monday evening. On Wednesday Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones accompanied the Senator to Ottawa. I hear that these ladies are enjoying life at the Capital, and have been much entertained there. Some lovely frocks were ordered for the first spring days, and will be admired down east this month.

The Lanier ("Laneer," please!) recital, which takes place on next Tuesday evening at the Conservatory of Music, is to be attended by a smart party from Ottawa. I am told that Lady Davies, Miss Davies, Mrs. Sifton, Hon. R. R. Dobell, and several others are to come down for it.

The closing concert of the Woman's Musical Club will be held in the Normal School Theater next Thursday evening at 8:15. The programme is exceptionally good, and includes selections by Mrs. Julie Wyman, Mr. Drummond, Miss Birnie, Miss Adamson, Miss Heinrich, Miss Covert, Mr. Hahn, and Mr. Atkinson. A Grieg concerto for two pianos, by Miss Covert and Mr. Atkinson, and a Beethoven trio by Misses Birnie and Adamson and Mr. Hahn, are interesting numbers.

"I suppose," said the stonemason, "you'll want 'Requiescat in pace' at the bottom of your wife's monument?" "No," replied the bereaved Mr. Peck, "make it 'Requiesce in peace'." "That means 'I rest in peace,' doesn't it?" "Yes, and I want you to sign that 'Husband'."—"Catholic Standard and Times."



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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

### Social and Personal.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Holton Britton, fourth daughter of Mr. Byron M. Britton, K.C., M.P., to Mr. Charles Alexander Moss of Toronto took place in Queen Street Methodist Church, Kingston, last Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Donald G. McPhail of St. Andrew's Church, Picton, assisted by Rev. James Elliott. The groomsman was Mr. W. H. Hargrave of Toronto. The bridesmaids were Miss Mabelle Britton of Gananoque and Miss Emily Moss of Toronto, two fair-haired girls, gowned in pale green voile over white taffeta, with cream lace boleros and cream lace hats, trimmed with green taffeta and violets. The bride wore an exquisite Stitt gown of white mouseline, appliqued with Cluny lace. The billowy train was composed of numerous frills of mouseline, closely laid on the white silk foundation, and over this the lovely skirt fell in soft folds, the deep Cluny lace applique around the foot branching out up to the waist. The white mouseline bodice had the same design and on the adjustable yoke and long transparent sleeves, while the front of the corsage was made up of narrow frills of mouseline, with a finely corded edge. The bride's veil was caught beneath a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Britton was given away by her father, upon whom has devolved the duty of leading a daughter to the altar three times within the past seven months and six times in less than ten years. The floral decorations were beautiful; palms, ferns, lilles and marguerites lined the choir railings and the altar. The ushers were Mr. Jack Moss, Mr. Glenholme Moss, Toronto; Mr. Harold Rathbun, Deseronto, and Mr. Arthur Britton. After the ceremony the party drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a reception was held in the drawing-room. Dejeuner was served in the library and in the dining-room. At the bride's table in the library were her immediate friends. The wedding gifts were very much admired. The bride's going-away gown was blue twill with a fine white stripe. Under the short coat she wore a navy blue satin blouse, and her blue straw hat was trimmed with violets. Mr. and Mrs. Moss left by the one o'clock train for Boston. The bride was a social favorite in Kingston, as were her five sisters; and, like them, she will be missed in church and philanthropic work there. She was a member of the charity circle of the King's Daughters, of which she was the efficient secretary last year. In the vocal students' club, the reading club, the golf club and other organizations, her departure will be regretted. The guests from a distance included Judge and Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Miller Lash, Miss Adelaide Moss, Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Slade of Toronto and Miss Lash of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Gilbert and Master Geoffrey Gilbert of Montreal. Mrs. C. Valentine Schuyler, Miss Steers of New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. Britton, Miss Muriel Britton, Mr. Ralph Britton, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Shirley Cowan of Gananoque, Miss Beaton of Orillia, Miss Jessie Rathbun of Deseronto, the Misses Montizambert, Mr. Norman Montizambert of Ottawa, Rev. Dr. G. McPhail and Mrs. McPhail of Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leigh, and Mrs. Wilkie sail for England on Victoria Day, May 24th, for a summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Maclean have returned from Florida and the South, after an absence of several months, and are now at their residence, No. 249 University avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Price-Brown have returned from a three months' sojourn in Asheville, N.C., and the South. The doctor has fully recovered his health, and resumes practice this week.

Mr. G. Bruenech has returned to his studio, 28 Toronto street, after closing one of the most successful exhibitions he has ever held in Toronto. This exhibition attracted a great deal of attention. No less than 2,925 persons visited the gallery during the seventeen days his water-colors were on view, and he feels greatly indebted to the Toronto public for their kind appreciation of his work.

Miss Grace Roberts, now a noted domestic science teacher at Brooklyn, N.Y., came back to Toronto with Mrs. Macbeth last month on a visit, and has now returned to her busy life in Gotham. Mrs. Rene Gamble and Mrs. Morrison have returned from New York. Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickenson Patterson are at Hotel Manhattan, New York. Mrs. Jones of Gananoque is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Willie Ince. Mrs. Wilson of St. Thomas is visiting Mrs. G. W. Ross. Mr. Arthur Boulton spent the holidays with his people in Toronto. Mr. Marling of Lakefield spent Easter with his sister, Mrs. Du Vernet, of Indian road. Mrs. Alfred Denison spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. Mrs. Sandys, in Chatham. Mrs. W. E. McKeough of Chatham has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Jarvis, and taking part in the whist tournament. Mrs. McKeough is a devoted whist player. Miss Hazel is the guest of Mrs. Porteous in Montreal. Mrs. Hagarty and Mr. Reginald Hagarty are spending some weeks at Washington, Atlantic City and New York. Mr. Harry McMillan returned on Tuesday from an Easter holiday trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Manning, who spent Easter in the city, have returned to Peterboro'.

Dr. and Mrs. McArthur and Miss Van Camp of Mansfield, Ohio, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Clemens of 1326 King street west. Dr. and Mrs. McArthur leave shortly for a year's travel through Europe.

Mrs. J. B. Harris of Tyndall avenue spent Easter with Mrs. Frank L. Webb at Coborne.

Lieutenant-Governor McMillan of Manitoba was entertained at luncheon at the National Club on Saturday by Mr. T. C. Irving. Among those invited to meet His Honor were Hon. George W. Ross, Mr. Justice Lister, Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. J. W. Leonard, Mr. Charles Cameron, Mr. C. W. Taylor,

Mr. H. C. Hammond, and Senator Melvin-Jones. His Honor left on Saturday evening for Ottawa.

Mrs. James Ross of Mount Forest, sister-in-law of the late A. W. Ross, returned home on Friday, after paying a short visit to her old friend, Mrs. J. Cosgrave of Niagara street.

Miss Forde of Brighton is visiting Dr. and Mrs. MacMahon of 121 Bathurst street.

M. Jules Siegfried, ex-Minister of Commerce for France, will visit Canada very shortly. M. Siegfried was the minister who, during Lord Dufferin's term of office here, signed the commercial treaty between France and Canada.

Mrs. Lount and her little daughter have returned from the South. Mrs. Lount receives at Kemegash on the first and third Tuesdays. Mrs. Hillyard Cameron is going to England on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Foster. Miss Sydney Tully leaves for England next week. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis are in town for the coming happy nuptials of Miss Edith Jarvis and Mr. Harry Gamble. Miss Amy McGill of Kingston is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Blackford. Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt are detained in the West by the illness of Mrs. Pellatt, who had an attack of pneumonia recently, but is now better, though not well enough to travel.

The recital and physical culture drill by the pupils of Moulton College, given last Saturday week was a very great pleasure to those fortunate enough to be present, the whole affair being so admirably carried out. That high degree of excellence was fully reached which is always looked for in matters musical when under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The readings given by pupils of Mrs. Fenton McMaster Arnton were characterized by an enthusiastic appreciation of the author, joined to a refinement and restraint that is sometimes lacking in readers of much more mature years and experience than the fair girls of Moulton College. The physical culture exercises, also by pupils of Mrs. Fenton McMaster Arnton, were a revelation to many, and were most warmly endorsed and appreciated by several members of the medical profession present, and reflected the greatest credit upon Mrs. Fenton McMaster Arnton.

On Monday evening the Clef Club will give a ladies' evening at the McConkey's, which is being looked forward to with much anticipation by the guests invited. Haydn's Toy Symphony, conducted by Dr. Ham, president of the club, will be played by serious masters of music upon toy fife, drums, and trumpets, with exquisitely funny effect. I am assured that the Toy Symphony is quite the most comical musical ensemble ever heard and seen, and no doubt will be the "bonne bouche" of an awfully lovely party.

Dainty little blue and gold invitations have come to friends of the Bell Organ and Piano Company to a private opening of their Piano Art Rooms, 146 Yonge street, this week. The invitation days are the first three week-days of next week, April 15, 16, and 17, with a public opening on Thursday.

Mrs. Pellatt gave a very large afternoon reception on Tuesday to some hundreds of lady friends at her home in Sherbourne street, a house admirably adapted to receive a large crowd, as its rooms are of the old-fashioned breadth and length, and open on either side of a spacious entrance hall, in the most convenient manner. Mrs. Pellatt received in the north parlor by her side her sweet, girlish granddaughter, the bride of last year, Mrs. Stephen Leacock, who as Miss Trixie Hamilton was for a brief while a belle in Toronto, as well as a talented and successful elocutionist. Mrs. Pellatt also introduced her niece, Miss Baldry of London, England, who is paying her a visit just now. The hostess wore a foilarde gown, figured in pale mauve on white, and a beautiful white boat of puffed crepe de chine. Mrs. Leacock wore a simple and girlish frock of white organdie, most prettily trimmed with valenciennes lace insertions, which set off her slender form and delicate beauty perfectly. Miss Baldry was in a smart black frock touched with rose, and at once made friends by her merry and unaffected manner and bright conversation. Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, in navy and white foilarde, Mrs. Rogers in deep pink and black, Mrs. Morphy in blue and white silk—the three daughters of Mrs. Pellatt—were most attentive and cordial assistants. The buffet filled one end of the great south room, and was very well done in roses, red, pink, and white, as a center, and vases of white flowers. The electricians were shrouded in gold and cast a very soft and becoming glow over the valley and roses at either end, light upon the bevy of fair girls who waited on the guests. Mrs. Pruny of Nanpean, Miss Perrin, granddaughter of the hostess, Miss Florence Blight, Miss Mary Reid, Miss Edith Brodie, and Miss Balley were the party of attendants, and they had a busy hour while the full tide of the reception was at its height. Some very smart Easter fancies were much in evidence. A lovely flow hat in mauve, and another of huge French roses and cerulean lace, were distinctly stunning. A hidden orchestra played in the entrance hall, and gave the last bright touch to a most successful and jolly affair.

Professor and Mrs. Van Slymen and their family sailed for England on Wednesday. Mrs. and Miss Bingham of Ottawa are at the Queen's. Justice and Mrs. Moss and a very large and jolly party of relatives and friends went down to Kingston on Monday afternoon to attend the marriage of Mr. Charles Moss and Miss Britton on Tuesday.

A pathetic incident occurred at a certain railway station one day when as a bridal party were seeing off a newly wedded pair. An old lady and a young one, deeply veiled and evidently in great trouble, shrank away as the laughing group entered the train and blocked their passage out. From the baggage car the men were quietly lifting a long, very long, box. The young woman saw it carried across the platform, and suddenly collapsed in a faint. The bridegroom left his bride

and ran to catch her, as the older lady cried out pitifully, "My son, her husband," and watched the long, long box carried by the undertaker's men. Just a chance meeting of joy and hope with sorrow and despair, but so pathetic that none will ever forget it.

An event of great interest to society people is the auction sale of boxes for the Military Tournament and

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### SHOW

and ran to catch her, as the older lady cried out pitifully, "My son, her husband," and watched the long, long box carried by the undertaker's men. Just a chance meeting of joy and hope with sorrow and despair, but so pathetic that none will ever forget it.

An event of great interest to society people is the auction sale of boxes for the Military Tournament and

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For SATURDAY NIGHT

By BAXTER BORRET,  
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NE morning about thirty years ago there was considerable excitement in Coburg House, a well-known millinery store in Georgetown, in the Midlands of England. Miss Constance Morgan, the prettiest girl employed in that large establishment, was missing, and no one knew where she had gone to. I had known her almost from her infancy; her mother was the widow of a clergyman who had died young, leaving his wife and little daughter, Connie, as she was called, almost entirely unprovided for. The mother had faced the world bravely, and, being clever with her needle, had succeeded in driving the wolf of starvation from the door, and later on had made money enough to give little Connie a fairly good education; then death knocked at the door and claimed the mother, and Connie was left on her own resources, without any near relative to take care of her, at the early age of sixteen. But she had all her mother's spirit, as well as her deafness for plying the needle, and, young as she was, she made application to the heads of Coburg House, and was taken in as an assistant in that house.

Four years afterwards she mysteriously disappeared from Georgetown, first, however, leaving a letter for me to say that though she was going away without calling to see me, she could never forget all my kindness to her mother and to herself (poor girl, there was little I had done to thank me for), and that she would write to me before long to tell me where she was and what she was doing. This was not very satisfactory; she had grown up to be a very lovely young lady, and I feared that her beauty might prove a snare to her; but so far as I knew, her conduct had always been excellent, and her demeanor was always modest and quiet. So all I could do was to call on the head of Coburg House, show him the letter so as to stop scandal, and wait for the next news of her, and hope for the best in the meantime.

One Sunday morning shortly after this I was seized with an unaccountable impulse to take a walk over the hills which overhang Georgetown, to the pretty village of Compton, of which a kind old friend and client, Archdeacon Harrison, was the rector. I timed my walk so as to reach the little church, one of the architectural gems of the county, in time for the morning service. I noticed at once that my old friend looked ill and feeble, his voice, usually crisp and firm, faltered, and at last he came to a dead stop; then rising in his place and speaking with difficulty, he told his little flock that he was ill and unable to continue the service, and asked them to go home and offer up their prayers for their afflicted minister. I hastened forward, and helped him to leave the church, and in the vestry, his daughter (the ministering angel of the parish ever since her mother's death a few years previously) helped him to disrobe, and between us we got him safely into his library at the rectory, and I mounted one of his horses as fast as I could to summon his medical attendant from Georgetown. There was no time for asking questions, but I learned from his daughter that he had that morning received a letter which had caused him great trouble.

The doctor called at my house on his return, and told me that the good old archdeacon had had some slight seizure, which had now passed off, leaving no cause for immediate anxiety, though there might be danger of another and more serious attack if any sudden excitement of mind should occur, of which he had warned Miss Harrison; so nothing more remained to be done at present, and there was no occasion to summon his only son, George, from London. This son, George, had at one time been a pupil in my office, though only for a short time, as he had made up his mind to go to London and keep his terms at the Temple and read for the Bar. George was a fine fellow, a gentleman in every sense of the word; he had been a great favorite at his college, a good athlete, and a first-rate cross-country rider. His only fault that I had ever discovered was a disinclination to work, which had caused some little trouble between him and his father; but latterly he had become more industrious, so I learned, and I was in hopes that he would be called to the Bar soon, and enter on his career, in which I had every reason to hope he would succeed.

It was only a few days after this that I received a letter from my London agent announcing that George was lying dangerously ill at his lodgings in Bernard street, London, and that it was urgent that his father should go up at once if he wished to see him alive, and the letter ended with a postscript which added greatly to my anxiety, "Did you know that he is married? A young lady who calls herself his wife is nursing him with great care and attention, but we had never heard of his being married."

The husband and father was taken with a very severe attack of stomach trouble and had to give up work, being confined to the house for some weeks, suffering greatly. For some time he had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast, and tea for dinner and supper. The wife writes, "After reading some of your advertisements we wondered if coffee and tea had not been the cause of his sickness."

"We finally decided to have him quit tea and coffee and try Postum Food-Coffee. He dates his recovery from the day he commenced to drink Postum and has not had to stop work from sickness since then."

"Some years ago I tried a package of Postum and did not like it, but I know now that it was because I did not make it right. It is easy to make good Postum if the simple directions are followed. The only failure is when people do not boil it long enough."

"Please do not publish my name. I am always ready to tell, however, of the merits of Postum. Name given by the Postum Cereal Company (Limited), at Battle Creek, Mich."

Heed from all doubt by the words which the archdeacon spoke in firm, clear tones: "Mr. Borret, if my son has wronged the girl he must marry her, and you and I must see to it before it be too late; he must not stand before the judgment seat of heaven with that sin staining his soul." How infinitely small the man whose life and being belong to the other world makes us feel who pride ourselves on our philosophy as men of the world. The miserable platitudes with which I had thought to palliate his son's conduct vanished like an unextinguished street lamp before the clear light of morning, which flashed from the steady eye of the good old archdeacon, and I shrank from it, abashed by its clear shining.

I had telegraphed to my agent that the archdeacon would travel up by the afternoon express, and asking him to get a comfortable lodging for him as near his son's as possible, intending myself to go to my old favorite hotel, Wood's, in Furnival's Inn. On our arrival at Paddington Station, we went at once to Bernard street, where we learned that George was still alive, but that he was passing through the critical stage of the fever, and the next few hours would probably decide the momentous question of life or death. As the landlady of the house had prepared a comfortable room for the archdeacon in the same house, I felt that my further presence in the house of sickness would be an undue intrusion, so, after commanding him to her care, and obtaining her promise that she would summon me from my hotel without delay if anything made it desirable, I started off for Wood's, when, just as the door was closing on me, I caught sight of a face on the stairs, for one moment only, and it was gone; and it was not until I was in the cab hastening on my way to Wood's that I recalled the face. It was the face of Connie Morgan, and no other.

My position was, as my reader will see, a very delicate one. Was I bound to tell the archdeacon of the postscript to my agent's letter? Suppose I said nothing about it, how could the presence of the mysterious nurse be accounted for? I was still young in the practice of my profession, but I had already begun to study the art of diplomacy, so useful to all lawyers, as, for example, how to cautiously approach a delicate subject in apparently careless conversation, with a view to discover how much the other party really knows.

As soon as we were alone in the railway carriage, I managed to say a few apparently careless words as to my fear that this illness would stop George's being called to the Bar for some little time, saying I had every reason for hoping he had a good career before him, and that if only he could find a good, sensible wife of the right sort, who would help him and not hinder him in his work, I hoped he would settle down and have a bright and happy home of his own. I watched the archdeacon's face closely as I spoke these careless platitudes, and I saw he was struggling with some thought; then, evidently nervously himself to his task with a strong effort, he asked me whether, in the course of my life, I had ever received an anonymous letter. The question took me by surprise, and I answered that I had received several, but had always considered them not worthy of notice, and only fit to be burned; and then I asked him if he had ever received one in all his life which was worth a second thought. Then, with some little hesitation (remember I was but young as compared with my traveling companion), he produced from his pocket one which, so far as I can now recollect, was in these words: "Do you know that that precious scamp of a son of yours has seduced a young shop-girl and is now living with her in London?" This, he told me, was the letter which he had received on the Sunday morning when I had gone out to Compton, and which had brought about his sudden attack of illness.

The ice being now broken, I showed him the postscript to my agent's letter, but at that moment our conversation was interrupted by the stoppage of the train at a wayside station, and the unwelcome intrusion of a stranger, so that further private conversation was impossible; but just before our journey's end, we were again alone. I had been meditating deeply what I should say next, but was re-

**Just Like Papa.**

Children Glad to Have Their Coffee Like the Parents.

More than any of the old folks realize, the little folks at the table like to have food and drink the same as Father and Mother.

Perhaps you can remember the time when a forkful of the meat or potato, or a sip from the cup that your Father or Mother was using, seemed to possess some remarkable merit and flavor.

If children can be given a strong, nourishing food drink such as Postum Food-Coffee, it is more than satisfies their desire to have things like the older folks, and at the same time gives them a drink they love and fattens on.

A lady up in Oskes, N.D., says that since their family have been drinking Postum the children are stronger and better than ever before, and are so glad to think they can have coffee to drink "just like papa."

The husband and father was taken with a very severe attack of stomach trouble and had to give up work, being confined to the house for some weeks, suffering greatly. For some time he had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast, and tea for dinner and supper. The wife writes,

"After reading some of your advertisements we wondered if coffee and tea had not been the cause of his sickness."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## A Newsboy's Answer.

"It is good to hear that measures are on foot to help the poor little New York newsboys," writes N. N. Moore in New York "Home Journal." "I don't mean newsboys as a class, for they are generally an independent and self-respecting set. I mean the tired little fellows who beseech one to buy an evening paper at about the hour when the morning paper is coming off the press. There is said to be in this city no municipal regulation as to the age of the children who are permitted or required to do this sort of work. There certainly ought to be. Boston licenses and I believe uniforms its newsboys, and New York ought to have followed Boston's example long ago. Some of these boys are too bright to be left to grow up on the streets at night. The other day a lady stopped to talk with one of these waifs after her escort had bought a paper. 'How many papers have you left?'

"Six, ma'am." "And how much have you made today?"

"Fifty-two cents since two o'clock." "And do you sell papers in the morning?"

"Yes, ma'am." "When do you sleep?"

"Oh, I gets a snooze now and then. I don't sleep much."

"But don't you know that you must sleep if you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?"

The little mite looked keenly at the lady—did she size her up for a Sunday-school teacher?—and then said—

"Does God sleep?"

That boy might be a Charles O'Connor, I had a chance.

## Permanently Cured

## After Seven Years of Great Suffering

Mr. Hamilton Waters of Ridgeville Tells of His Relief from Neuralgia, Rheumatism and "Tremech" Trouble Through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For years Mr. Hamilton Waters, the well-known cattle buyer of Ridgeville, Ont., was an acute sufferer from neuralgia, which was later complicated with rheumatism and stomach trouble. But now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is enjoying the best of health.

Speaking of his illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Waters said: "For seven years I suffered great agony from neuralgia; the pains were of a darting, excruciating nature, and for days at a time would be so great that I feared I would lose my reason. To increase my misery I was attacked with rheumatism, and this was closely followed by stomach trouble. My joints and limbs became swollen, and I was almost helpless. I suffered from nausea and a decided loathing for food. I became very thin, and was constantly troubled with cold sweats. At different times I was treated by three physicians without receiving anything in the way of permanent benefit. I grew despondent and began to think that I would always be a sufferer, when one day my druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that within his knowledge there was not a case where the pills had been used but what benefit had followed, and he added: 'That is saying a lot in their favor, for I have sold over five thousand boxes, and have not had a complaint from anyone.' Following his advice, I procured a supply of the pills, and after a few weeks I could note an improvement in my condition. By the time I had taken eight boxes of the pills the neuralgia and rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and my stomach was once more in a healthy condition. My appetite improved, and I gained in weight and strength daily. It is now over two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and all that time I have enjoyed the best of health and haven't felt an ache or pain, so that I think that I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. In fact, eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what three doctors had failed to do, and I feel I am justified in warmly recommending them to others."

As early as possible I called at Bernard street to learn that the archdeacon and Connie had divided the night watches between them, that George was still tossing on his bed unconscious, and that the only hope for him was to fall into a long restful sleep. I returned to Wood's to get my breakfast and to read the few letters which I expected from my clerk; and after a few weeks I could note an improvement in my condition. By the time I had taken eight boxes of the pills the neuralgia and rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and my stomach was once more in a healthy condition. My appetite improved, and I gained in weight and strength daily. It is now over two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and all that time I have enjoyed the best of health and haven't felt an ache or pain, so that I think that I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. In fact, eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what three doctors had failed to do, and I feel I am justified in warmly recommending them to others."

A very high medical authority has said that "neuralgia is a cry of the nerves for better blood." Rheumatism is also recognized as a disease of the blood, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are, above all things, a blood-making and blood-enriching medicine that they so deeply cure these troubles. But you will get the name with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People printed on the wrapper around the box. As there are several Georgetowns in England, and the letter had been sent to two of them before it had reached my office. The letter was from Connie herself.

"Dear Mr. Borret—I sit down to fulfil my promise of writing to you, but you must not let any one know what I am writing. I am married, and living in London, but I am under a solemn promise to my husband not to let any one know whom I have married, and he says you last of all.

We have loved each other secretly for some time, and at the last he overcame all my scruples, and I came up to London and was married to him privately in St. Pancras church near here some weeks since. I find that he made a mistake when he applied for the license, for he said I was of full age, but he really did not know that I was not, and there was no time to come back and ask the question. I hope it does not make any difference, because I shall be of full age in four months from now; but please let me know, for, of course, it makes me feel anxious. I am sorry to say he is unwell to-day, with a little attack of feverish cold, but I hope it will soon pass off.

You can address your letter to me here as Mrs. G. H., and I shall be sure to get it.

"Yours very respectfully,

"CONNIE H."

There was now no need to commit perjury, or tell white lies—the deed had been done, and no court of law in England would set the marriage aside. But how was I to enlighten the archdeacon, and get him to suspend the stern reproof which I felt sure he would feel himself bound to administer to George, and to poor Connie also? I hurried back to Bernard street, and arrived there just at the time that George was regaining consciousness on waking up from his sleep of fever. I overheard the feeble voice of the patient calling from his sick bed, "What? my dear old dad! You here! Is it a dream?" In mercy let me sleep on." And then I heard a tender voice, "God bless you, my boy; I am here, go to sleep again," then after a little while a faint sound of suppressed sobbing, and, looking into the room, I saw the old archdeacon on his knees beside the bed, and George wrapped unconscious in calm sleep.

My task was easy in getting the former to overlook George's only fault, his want of filial duty in not more fully confiding in his father. The doctor, too, spoke warmly in praise of Connie's devoted nursing, which he said had undoubtedly gone far to save George's life.

In a few years' time it was Connie's privilege to share with Miss Harrison the loving task of nursing the old

archdeacon in his last illness, and of smoothing his dying pillow.

But I hear my reader asking, What about that anonymous letter? Who sent it after all? We none of us know the depths to which a disappointed woman will descend. The letter was sent by one whose love for George, if love it could be called, was not reciprocated by him, and this was her act of ravage.

It is no part of my duty to moralize on the enlightenment of readers of "Saturday Night," but those who have followed my story will readily see that George's carelessness of the old precept, "Avoid all appearance of evil," very nearly brought a respectable lawyer to convive of wilful perjury, and a more serious (water) nearly brought some of those boys with sorrow to the grave.

I had telegraphed to my agent that the archdeacon would travel up by the afternoon express, and asking him to get a comfortable lodging for him as near his son's as possible, intending myself to go to my old favorite hotel, Wood's, in Furnival's Inn. On our arrival at Paddington Station, we went at once to Bernard street, where we learned that George was still alive, but that he was passing through the critical stage of the fever, and the next few hours would probably decide the momentous question of life or death. As the landlady of the house had prepared a comfortable room for the archdeacon in the same house, I felt that my further presence in the house of sickness would be an undue intrusion, so, after commanding him to her care, and obtaining her promise that she would summon me from my hotel without delay if anything made it desirable, I started off for Wood's, when, just as the door was closing on me, I caught sight of a face on the stairs, for one moment only, and it was gone; and it was not until I was in the cab hastening on my way to Wood's that I recalled the face. It was the face of Connie Morgan, and no other.

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## Curious Bits of News.

The Dutch, who smoke 84 ounces a head per year, are the greatest consumers of tobacco. English people smoke but 23 ounces a head.

Nearly a million women in Spain work in the field as day-laborers; three hundred and fifty thousand women are registered as day servants—that is, they work for their food and lodging. There is no such class anywhere else.

The problem of lowering lake levels is not confined to the Great Lakes of this country. Captain Hecq, the Belgian explorer, who recently returned from Central Africa, reports that the shrinkage of Lake Tanganyika has been so rapid that the post of Karama, founded 20 years ago on the shore, is now 14 miles from the lake.

In the operation of dredging navigable channels at the mouths of the Murray and Shoalhaven Rivers in New South Wales, it was discovered that the mud contained gold-dust. An automatic gold-saver was then attached to the dumping machinery, and it is estimated that enough gold will thus be obtained to defray the expenses of keeping the channels open.

"Marriage societies" have become extremely popular during the last few years in France. The societies have been formed to assist young persons to marry, and some of them are largely supported by contributions from wealthy people. Each member is required to pay into the club funds every week a small sum, varying from 20 cents to 50 cents, and when the member is married he or she receives a sum equal to about two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars, with which to start housekeeping. The only stipulation is that the marriage must not take place within six months after the member has joined the club.

Tiffin, Ohio, has a dog whose instinct has been developed in the direction of hoarding money. He is owned by Landlord Chamberlain of the Shawan House, and is probably the only dog in the world that has a bank account. This thrifty canine is a small thoroughbred terrier. In early life Zip learned to pick up coins thrown upon the floor. If several different kinds were scattered for his benefit he invariably discriminated in favor of silver dollars. Guests at the hotel were fond of indulging Zip in this pastime, until he began carrying the coins to the landlord's private apartments. Mr. Chamberlain refunded the money, and then, for future financial operations, provided a toy bank for Zip and taught him how to drop the captured coins through the slot. A few days ago Mr. Chamberlain opened the bank and counted out nearly \$50, which he placed in a local savings bank to Zip's credit.

The sentencing of William Charles Browning to nine months' imprisonment by a London judge has ended what the London press declare to be a "case of unprecedented imposture." The man was charged with having obtained the certificate of his own death under false pretenses." On January 11 last Browning called in a physician named Marsh, who began treating him for Bright's disease. On February 5 Dr. Marsh saw the patient in bed. He then appeared to be dangerously ill. The next morning a man who bore a remarkable resemblance to Browning called on the doctor, saying that he was the patient's brother, and had just arrived from the country in time to see Browning breathe his last. He paid the doctor's bill and asked for a death certificate. This was given to him, but the doctor, in pursuance of his usual practice, later on in the same day went to the supposed death-chamber and found the door locked. A key was obtained, and on entering the apartment he saw what at first sight appeared as the outline of a human body lying on a mattress. This was found to be a dummy, composed of an ingenious arrangement of pillows, blankets, boots, and a poker. The doctor immediately reported the matter to the police, and Browning was arrested. The prosecution discovered an explanation to the prisoner's conduct in a life insurance policy for one thousand dollars, which was found in Browning's rooms; it was made payable to the fictitious brother.

## Effective Compliments.

Before trying to compliment women, the diplomatic man will study his subject, remarks a writer in the "Waverly Magazine." There are forms of praise which a woman considers almost insulting, and accusative terms she delights in. One popular beauty who had grown absolutely weary of tributes to her graces one day met a man who

## Comes From Brain.

## Phosphates Found on the Skin and Thrown Out From Pores.

We know that active brain work throws out the phosphate of potash, for this product is found on the skin after excessive brain work; therefore, brain workers, in order to keep well, must have proper food containing phosphate of potash to quickly and surely rebuild the used-up tissue. That one can obtain such food has been proven in thousands of cases among users of Grape-Nuts Food.

This contains phosphate of potash in minute particles, just as it is furnished by nature in the grains.

This product makes from albumen the gray matter that builds the brain and fills the nerve centers.

In no way can this gray matter be made except by the action of phosphate of potash upon albumen, and this mineral should be introduced to the body just as it comes from Nature's laboratory, and not from the drug store. The system is more or less fastidious about taking up the needed elements, and, as might be suspected, it will favor the products of Mother Nature rather than the products of the drug shop, however valuable the last may be for certain uses.

Lawyers, journalists, doctors, ministers, business men and others who earn their living by the use of the brain, are using Grape-Nuts Food. It is manufactured for a reason, and was originated by an expert. The regenerative value of the food has been demonstrated beyond question.



Lent is Over!

## A Gentlewoman Is Known

more by the tea she uses than any other article in the house. It is the ambition of every housekeeper to make a name for themselves, and by using

## LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea you are sure of making yourself popular with all.

## Lead Packages

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents

said. "We can pull you out of this by treatment."

"But," I replied, "I am bound to have the thing cut out, so that it will never bother me again."

"The substance of it was that I had the knife stuck in me, and now I am minus a veriform appendix. Did my scheme work? Well, I should say that it did. The doctor's bill was \$47, and the folks sent me a check for \$150. I came out and very nearly cleaned up my debts. But, really, it's worth nearly \$150 to be without a veriform appendix, and the old folks should appreciate it, but I am not telling them the full details."

## The Persecutors of Tolstoi.

O fools, and worse than fools, to think that ye  
Can crush with iron hand the living  
Fable,  
Or hush the voice of him who in his might  
Strikes boldly for the cause of liberty.  
The weary toilers shall at last be free,  
And then shall struggle blindly through  
Will then behold the everlasting light  
Which streams, O great eternal God, from Thee!

Beware, O priests and cruel tyrants all!  
The day of retribution draweth nigh,  
When none will heed or hasten to your call.  
For, as fumbling through the years,  
The savage cry  
Of self-free'd slaves proclaims the final knell  
Of you, and such as you, ye spawn of hell.  
—A.E.R.

## Her Fatal Number.

A correspondent of the "Church Times" calls attention to some odd facts.

The remarkable manner in which the number 9, and multiples of 9, as well as the number 18, are associated with the life and death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, may be demonstrated as follows:

1. Twice 9, or 18, was the age of her Majesty when she came to the throne.

2. Seven times 9, or 63, was the number of the years of her reign.

3. Nine times 9, or 81, was the number of the years of her life.

4. Twice 9, or 18, completed years of the 19th century had elapsed at her Majesty's birth.

5. Four times 9, or 36, completed years of the 19th century had elapsed at her accession to the throne.

6. The late Queen had issue 9 children.

7. Her Majesty was born in the 19th year of the 19th century, and she came to the throne in the 19th year of her age.

8. The numerals which express 1819, the year of her birth, when added together, make 19.

9. The numerals expressing 1837, the year of her accession, when added together, make 19.

10. 999 completed years had at her death elapsed since the death of her celebrated ancestor King Alfred the Great, who died 28th October, 901, 9 centuries of the Christian era had expired at his death, and 19 centuries had just ended at the death of Queen Victoria.



Don't strain your eyes when properly adjusted glasses will relieve them.

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Refracting Optician

114 YONGE STREET  
(Over Blachford's Shoe Store)

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E. WALDER, Preston, Ont.

Corsine  
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WE WILL SEND FREE

Our Book on Form and Bust Development in plain sealed envelope to any lady writing for it and enclosing three 3 cent stamps for postage. The Madame Thora French System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to increase the bust six inches. Letters all answered by ladies and secretly confidential. No testimonials with name published. Our book is beautifully illustrated with photos from life showing figure before and after using the CORSIONE SYSTEM.

Write for FREE BOOK, enclosing 6 cents postage, to  
THE MADAME THORA TOILET CO.,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## WHITE SOUND TEETH

produced by using

## ROWLAND'S ODONTO

which preserves and beautifies the teeth, strengthens the gums, and gives pleasant fragrance to the breath; it eradicates tartar, prevents and arrests decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and

A. ROWLAND & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD Editor

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## The Drama

**G**HE GAY LORD QUEX! What must one say of it? That it is a serious work of art, or merely an interesting trifle, a great comedy or but an ephemeral thing that is having its little day and will soon be forgotten? Is it a "drama of the dustbin," to use Cement Scott's facile phrase? Does it set forth any useful lesson, anything to entitle it to a permanent place in literature? Is it moral, immoral—or simply immoral, simply representative, holding up the mirror to life but making no attempt to read a priori lessons into what it reflects of life? Wherein lies the source of its fascination?

Does it attract solely because it suggests the animal passions of men and women under a silken gaze of refinement and Old World charm? Or is there something beyond this, some force of genius, some fidelity to world-wide human nature, that attracts men and women, and, having attracted, compels them to look and listen till the last strand of action is reeled out and the last word spoken? What is the just division of credit as between dramatist and actors? Is there little in Mr. Pinero's work, everything in the skill of Mr. Hare and his company? Or is there much in both?

These are questions that, in one form or another, have been discussed by thousands of Torontonians since Monday night. They are not easy questions to answer. Everyone will spell the riddle in his own way. To discuss even a few of the possible lines of reply might take many columns of "Saturday Night." On one point, I think, there is, practically, unanimity. That is that The Gay Lord Quex, whatever the division of honors may be as between dramatist and actors, is a sparklingly clever entertainment.

There are no jolts, no jars, no jumps from the pre-eminently natural, no crudities. Say what we will, these English companies, with their English plays, have an indescribable something almost always missing from the brash and banal people who come to us from the Trust-controlled stage of the United States. The English actors bring with them an atmosphere—the fragrance of Old World refinement and courtliness. They are at their ease. They seem to be masters of their art in the most quiet, unassuming and least obtrusive sort of way.

The third act of The Gay Lord Quex is the climax. It tells everything in the story that is worth telling. The fourth act, like all anti-climaxes, is a bore. I think it ought to have been a great deal shorter than it is. After all, why should there be any fourth act? Everything in it could be understood by the audience. The only excuse for the fourth act is to give a conventional ending to the drama and to justify Muriel Eden in finally throwing Captain Bastling overboard in favor of Lord Quex. The conventional ending is, after all, a most improbable one. The free and easy way in which the love affairs of the nobility are patched and tinkered in a manicurist's establishment seems the height of improbability. If the play were ended with the third act, unconventional as that ending would be, it would be more probable and more satisfying than the ending as now managed. Then, as to Captain Bastling's little dereliction, while it excuses the jilting of that young man and satisfactorily gets him out of the way, the incident still further detracts from one's estimate of both Sophy Fullgarney and Muriel Eden. And the final impression carried away of either of these young women is not very pleasant.

The play is brimming over with intimate knowledge of human nature. Especially is this true of the much-discussed third act. This act is an extremely skillful bit of work from any point of view. One touch of blundering, over-wrought style in the acting or dialogue would ruin it. As played by Miss Vanbrugh, Miss Ferrar and Mr. Hare was a triumph of subtle skill.

If there is one moral to be tacked on to the end of this play, it is the moral to mind your own business. That moral Sophy Fullgarney was taught most bitterly in her duel of wits with the resourceful, undaunted man of the world whom she attempted to checkmate. What a sardonically touch of Pinero's when, having learned the lesson, Sophy is compelled, in order to set things right, to go on, not minding her business, but intriguing, flirting, and lying to the end!

There is one other point I would like to speak of. That is the nice distinctions of voice and manner as between the different social classes of England typified in the play. When Sophy Fullgarney, the manicurist, and her lover,

"Valma," the palmist, are most natural, least self-conscious, their voices and modes of expression are least like those of the aristocratic people about them. Whenever they are excited they betray their caste unmistakably. Lord Quex, the Duchess, and the other "smart people," even when off their guard, speak with the dignified full tones and aristocratic inflection of hereditary culture. There is nothing that conveys more about one's origin than the voice. This is no snobbish fancy, but cold fact, observed over and over again thousands of times. That Mr. Hare's company should be so faithful to fact in so small a detail gives a nice measure of their powers to observe and reproduce the little things that go to make great art.

For out-of-town readers who have not been able to see The Gay Lord Quex, I may be permitted to repeat a summary of the story already given in these columns. The titled roue who gives the name to the play has reached the age of forty-five before he decides to reform, because he has become engaged to a young woman, not entirely certain whether she loves the blase Marquess or the young officer to whom she has practically promised her hand. It happens that Sophy Fullgarney, once a lady's maid, now a successful manicure, is foster-sister to Muriel Eden, whom the gay Lord Quex is to marry. This young woman does not approve of her friend's choice, and determines to prevent her marriage with Quex. Opportunity comes when she finds herself by a curious prank of fortune at a country house at which the nobleman, his betrothed, and a duchess, once among his old loves, are staying. The duchess is one of those women who try to maintain the illusion of youth by raking up the ashes of dead passions. Quex has tired of her. She loves situations, scenes, and she is determined to "burn a little red fire" before Quex escapes her for good. By volunteering to take the place of the duchess's absent maid, Sophy serves as a plausible participant in the duchess's private affairs. The duchess asks Lord Quex to come to her boudoir once for all. They will smoke the old cigarettes together, have some champagne, and rake over the ashes of their burnt-out love. The weakest thing that Quex does is to consent to this farewell midnight meeting. But his motive is entirely innocent. Knowing the manicure's mood toward him, Lord Quex suggests that she may be listening. The duchess opens the door and the faithful Sophy is discovered listening. Furious with rage and realizing that he may lose his bride, but full of resource, Lord Quex acts like a blackguard. He gets the duchess to leave the room, and then by a ruse entices Sophy into it. Then he locks the door and asks what would be thought by persons who found her in this plight with a man, who, according to her own story, is a rogue. At first she is courageous and defiant, but when she reflects that the match with her own sweetheart may be broken off her resolution weakens, and she writes a letter at Quex's dictation which will ruin her name if it is ever made known. No sooner has she handed over the letter than she reproaches herself for selling her foster-sister to a blackguard. In an agony of repentance she pulls a bell and alarms the house, and in an effective outburst of hysterical declamation defies Lord Quex to do his worst. His better nature aroused at this unselfish sacrifice on her part, Lord Quex relents, opens the door and bids her depart, telling her she can expose him if she likes. However, he is not exposed, for the girl is touched by his magnanimity and promises to do anything for him she can, and in the end Quex, with Sophy's full approval, wins the hesitating Muriel, who throws the young officer overboard, not without cause.

At the Grand next week Frederick Warde and the Brune company, which includes Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Spencer, will present for the first time in this city a comedy, *The Duke's Jester*, by Espy Williams. This promises to be one of the best attractions of this season. Mr. Warde is one of America's most accomplished actors, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer are worthy associates. The supporting company is said to be the strongest with which he was ever affiliated. The scenic effects of the play are highly praised. There are four acts of the comedy. The first shows a dark corner of Milan by moonlight, with a facsimile of the beautiful Neptune fountain, with four thoroughfares radiating in different directions. Another scene is the throne room in the ducal palace of Galleazzo. This scene stands through two acts, allowing time for a full digestion of its beauties. Another room in the palace is also shown. The last act is in a kitchen, not an ordinary kitchen, but one of the fifteenth century in Italy.



ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI OF MONTREAL,  
Whose pastoral letter on Easter Sunday dealt  
with Judge Archibald's judgment in the Del-  
pit marriage case and denounced the Quebec  
Legislature for sanctioning the cremation of  
human bodies.

houses at the Toronto Opera House this week in *Sol Smith Russell's A Poor Relation*. The play has a perennial charm, but Mr. Keenan is a long way behind *Sol Smith Russell* in the famous role of Noah Vale.

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Frank Daniels is soon to appear at the Grand in *The Amerer*. Since the beginning of the present season Mr. Daniels has presented this opera in all the large cities of the United States and also in Winnipeg and British Columbia. The production here will be with the cast and scenery used at Wallack's Theater, New York, last season. The music of the opera is by Victor Herbert, and the book by Kirke La Shelle, author of *The Princess Chic*, and Frederic Ranken. The forthcoming engagement will afford the last opportunity to see Mr. Daniels in *The Amerer*, as he will produce another opera prior to his next visit to this city.

Next week's offering at the Princess will be *Woman Against Woman*, and at the Toronto West's Minstrels are to provide the show. The Francis Wilson Opera Company in *The Monks of Malabar* are announced to give a return engagement of three nights at the Grand, commencing LANCE.

## Only One.

There was only one rose in my garden,  
Only one,  
But all the place was brightened by its bloom,  
Its fragrance glorified the green gloom,  
But ah—its roots were growing on the other side  
The wall of stone.  
One rose—only one.

Not mine the lovely flower,  
That was denied.  
But all my way was happier that it grew,  
Sending its perfume through the dusk and dew—  
For in my garden close no roses grew  
This grew the other side—  
The other side!

—*Waverley Magazine.*

"Do you live within your income?" "No—I live without one."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

## "Ain't I a Bird?"



This beautiful creature is a stork—not the kind that hovers over happy Canadian hearths—but a whale-headed stork from Lake Victoria Nyanza. It is now in the British Museum.

## Notes From the Capital.

Dance at the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club.—Lecture on United Italy.—Gossip About the May Queen and Her Courtiers.—How Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier Spent Easter.—Comings and Goings of Prominent People.—A Hospital Carnival.

T the close of the Twentieth Century Fair last autumn, the gentlemen who formed the committee, all of whom were members of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club, promised to give a dance for the ladies who had assisted. The promise was realized last Wednesday evening, when the large gymnasium of the O.A.A.C. was the scene of a very jolly dance. The hall was appropriately decorated with bunting in which the colors of the different sporting clubs affiliated in the O.A.A.C. were conspicuously shown. There were, as usually happens at Athletic Club dances, more men than girls, but that helped to make the dance all the jollier. The chaperones were Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mrs. de la Ronde, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. Rosenthal, Mrs. Johnson. It will be remembered that the May Court Club have this season had their committee rooms in the O.A.A.C. building, and that their lectures were held in the gymnasium, which on this occasion served as an excellent ballroom. Consequently the May Courtiers were well represented in the bevy of pretty girls at the dance, for although the code of the club is a serious one, it does not prohibit dancing.

The last of the lectures on Modern History which Dr. Colby of McGill has been giving before the May Court, came off on Thursday evening of last week. His Excellency the Earl of Minto has been a regular attendant at these lectures, and he appears to have been greatly pleased with them.

On Thursday evening he was there again, accompanied by Lady Eileen Elliott and Captain Bell, A.D.C. Hon. Laurence Power, Speaker of the Senate, obliged the May Court Club by acting as chairman. Hon. Sidney Fisher

was chairman at the opening lecture of the course. Since then no chairman was thought necessary until the final lecture, when a vote of thanks would be sure to follow the lecture. Hon. Laurence Power filled the position admirably, and in a neat little speech offered to Dr. Colby the thanks of the audience. The subject of this last lecture was "United Italy," a subject which Roman Catholics do not by any means regard in the same light as do many English Protestants. Mr. Power is a devout Catholic, so on seeing him in the position of chairman at a lecture on United Italy, one was at first surprised, and one questioned the wisdom of the May Court Club. However, the lecturer treated his subject so impartially, stating facts of history with very few comments and with no show of prejudice, that the chairman said in his speech of thanks afterwards, that although he himself had been doubtful of the possibility of his being in a position to agree with the speaker of the evening, he had found little to object to, and could conscientiously offer him the thanks of the audience. Sir James Grant seconded the vote of thanks, and Dr. Colby in replying said that the professors of McGill would at any time be pleased to come up to Ottawa to lecture before the May Court Club. Considering the difficulties Dr. Colby had to encounter that evening in getting up to Ottawa, the offer for himself and the staff of McGill was a most generous and gallant one. He had been delayed two hours on the way by a landslide which covered the C.P.R. tracks about thirty or forty miles from Ottawa. Dr. Colby was deluged with invitations from prominent people of Ottawa to be their guest during these short weekly visits of his, and he was on more than one occasion a guest at dinner at Government House. Last week he stopped from Friday to Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Martin J. Griffin.

The May Court Club will soon have their annual meeting, when the election of a May Queen takes place. Miss Ethel White has filled the high position so charmingly that the May Court are certain to rename her as "Her Majesty," but the position is one of responsibility and requires much time and thought to fulfil its duties properly, so that Miss White may not feel inclined to accept the honor for another term. Meanwhile, however, a beautiful little pin has arrived from Scotland, from the Countess of Aberdeen, who is a sort of fairy godmother to the May Court Club. The pin is to be the property of the new Queen. Miss Ethel Hamilton was the first, and a most perfect May Queen. She is still out in California, and unfortunately does not appear to be regaining health as fast as her friends, especially her friends and subjects of the May Court, would like to hear of. Miss White had a high standard before her in Miss Hamilton, whom she succeeded, but she has been so successful in living up to this standard that the May Court will certainly be loth to let her resign. The annual meeting should be held on the eighteenth of April. Owing to some difficulty this year it is to be postponed a few days.

Lady Laurier got back to Ottawa on Saturday from Montreal and Arthabaska. She and Sir Wilfrid spent Easter quietly in their residence on Sandy Hill—very quietly indeed, for Sir Wilfrid was ill for two or three days about that time. It was an attack of gripe or something of that sort, and so they had no visitors for the holidays.

Many Ottawa people went down to New York for Easter. Among them were Mr. John Coates and Miss Coates, Mr. St. Denis Lemire, Miss Pauline Lemire (Miss Lemire is already in New York, with Mrs. and Miss Gormally). Mrs. William Perley, Miss Edith Walker Powell, who goes south to join Mrs. George Perley at Asheville, North Carolina, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Powell, Mr. Jackson Booth, and Mr. and Miss Macleod Stewart.

Miss Nora O'Brien, the pretty young actress who has been playing leading lady in the Valentine Company at the Grand, left Ottawa for New York, where she goes to take a part in *The Land of Heart's Desire*, a short play which will precede Mrs. Lemire's performance of *In a Balcony*. Miss O'Brien made a great many friends while in Ottawa, and there was an array of ladies and gentlemen at the station to wish her bon voyage. There were also some lovely bouquets to cheer the actress on her way, and to help her carry away pleasant memories of Ottawa. Miss Mary Taylor, who has been playing in Toronto, takes Miss O'Brien's place as leading lady with the Valentine Company, and went with them from here to Quebec on Monday. From Quebec they go to Syracuse, N.Y., for a spring and summer season.

Mrs. Sullivan, wife of the Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, is in town, having arrived on Saturday last to spend some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Scott. Miss Gertrude Davies, Sir Louis' eldest daughter, arrived from Toronto on Thursday of last week, and is spending this week with Sir Louis and Lady Davies. On Thursday afternoon she assisted Lady Davies in giving a very nice tea, the first large entertainment given this season at the residence of the Minister of Marine.

On Wednesday evening a bazaar opened in the club-rooms of the Capital Athletic Club. It is to be a combination bazaar between the Capital Athletic Club and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the General Hospital, and is one of the largest ventures of the kind ever undertaken in Ottawa. It is called by the rather incongruous title of "Hospital Carnival," but, notwithstanding the name, is likely to be an immense success. The men interested in the Capital Athletic Club are among the wealthiest in town, and energy will be found both on the Capital side and on the side of the Hospital Committee. Mr. John Coates is the president of the bazaar, and the vice-president is Mr. Emmanuel Tasse, a wealthy and representative French-Canadian. The bazaar will continue ten days or so, and will be brought to a close by a splendid entertainment, probably a dance.

AMARYLLIS

No man may say at night  
His goal is reached; the hunger for the light  
Moves with the star.

—John James Piatt.

## THE COURTING OF LIZER.

HERE were those who said they remembered when it began—the courting of 'Lizer. The younger people said it had lasted twenty years; the older people said ten. Mrs. Truesdale, who had lived at Ramsay's Corners for almost half a century, and was held in mortal terror by every unmarried woman in the neighborhood whose age had come to be considered a family secret, declared that Hiram Trotter had been going with 'Lizer Jones just fifteen years, seven months and the odd days.

Tom Truesdale gave a tabulated statement to prove the correctness of his mother's version. There had been five years of sheep's eyes and silence, four of speaking when no one was looking, three of Sunday evening visits, and three years and seven months of visits on week nights as well.

The young men twitted Hiram with being too bashful to ask 'Lizer; the young women said he was too stingy to keep a wife. The older women thought it was real mean of Hiram, and that if he didn't intend to marry 'Lizer himself he ought to stay away and give her a chance to get somebody else. But Hiram had no intention of staying away. He might be slow, but he was tolerably sure.

Hiram had come to Ramsay's Corners from Yorkshire, and had brought nothing with him but an accent like Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," an extremely "near" disposition, and the power of working sixteen hours a day, besides doing chores. He had never been known to give five cents in charity, to put his name to a subscription for any purpose whatever, or to shelter a benighted traveller without asking payment.

But on the other hand he paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and did it promptly, too, albeit with a good deal of grumbling, especially when the dollar was handed over for taxes. For the rest, he was rather under middle height, wiry, and weather-beaten. He had rather fine blue eyes, and would have been what is called good-looking if it hadn't been for a sort of air of gradually drying up from the heart outwards.

Besides money and 'Lizer, there was nothing in the world he seemed to care for, unless it was his pipe, and that was a doubtful pleasure, because tobacco costs money—or eggs, which amount to the same thing. Hiram kept hens, and everything else that could be made to yield profit. He also kept "bachelor's hall," the profit of which was doubtful.

'Lizer had good points, several of them. She was a "smart" housekeeper, and could get through with a tremendous amount of work between sunrise and long after sundown. She was a notable manager, even in that district



HE CAME TO READ THE WEEKLY PAPER.

of thrifty managers. Mills turned into butter, and thence into money, under her hands, in a truly wonderful way. Even her hens seemed to lay bigger eggs and more of them than other people's hens. In short, as Hiram once remarked in an unwonted burst of enthusiasm, "Ba boom, she's a da-as-y!"

'Lizer had one little failing, though—a sort of thorn among the daisy leaves. Her temper was rather more than uncertain. You could never be sure when an unlucky remark would call forth a biting speech that left you undecided whether to fight it out or to fly. In the end you generally fled. The other members of her family had tacitly agreed to always "let 'Lizer have her way." Not even Hiram was quite exempt from her sharp speeches, considerably modified, however. He bore them with stolid indifference, if not with admiration, as a sign of 'Lizer's smartness.

Regular as clock-work he appeared in 'Lizer's white-washed kitchen every Wednesday evening, and always with a cotton bag rolled up under his arm to take home the bread that 'Lizer, in pity for his bachelorhood, had baked for him.

While 'Lizer washed up the dishes, and set new bread, and afterwards, while she was ordering the younger children off to bed, Hiram sat and smoked, and discussed the crops and the prices and the weather probabilities with her father, till 'Lizer had put her kitchen in band-box order and was ready to sit down with her knitting. Then the old people and 'Lizer's sister 'Sairey' went off to bed as a matter of course.

Mrs. Truesdale's godless son told that he had once looked through the window when the blind wasn't pulled quite down, that Hiram maintained his seat on one side of the table, and 'Lizer with her knitting kept the other, and that the only time either made a remark was when Hiram said, "I guess there'll be frost to-night." Tom's story was believed.

At eleven o'clock Hiram went home with his bread, and came back on Sunday afternoon to read the weekly newspaper, to which he didn't subscribe. After tea he helped 'Lizer with the milking, and then if it was fine they went to church. The collection plate had no terrors for Hiram, being regarded with callous indifference.

At Ramsay's Corners, the appearance together at church of a couple not otherwise related announced matrimonial intentions as clearly as the notice of an engagement in a society journal. But Hiram and 'Lizer had set popular traditions at defiance.

Every fall as threshing time came on, people looked for Hiram to provide himself with a housekeeper, which was the avowed end and aim of matrimony at Ramsay's Corners. But threshing time came and 'Lizer, as she had done for years, went with one of her married sisters to Hiram's establishment, and stayed till the threshers had finished and moved their machine to the next farm. Then she put everything to rights, baked an extra supply of dough-nuts and pumpkin pies, and went home again.

How much longer history might have gone on repeating

itself, if the new teacher had not come to Ramsay's Corners, will never be known. For the new teacher did come. She was young and pretty, and would have found life at the Corners desperately monotonous if she had not possessed the happy faculty of seeing the humorous side of things. And about the funniest thing, she decided, was the courting of 'Lizer. Without intending it, she became the cause of putting a speedy end to it.

One evening on her way home from school she overtook Hiram on his way to visit the object of his tardy but faithful affections.

"Good evening, Mr. Trotter," she called, gaily, and then, because he had nothing particular to do by way of amusing herself, she sprang off her bicycle and walked beside him, chatting cheerfully.

"Why don't you persuade Miss Jones to ride a wheel?" she asked.

"I reckon 'Lizer has summertime to do than go flyin' round the country on one o' them things," said Hiram, grimly.

"Oh, but, Mr. Trotter, I'm sure I work too, all day. You never see me on my wheel till after four o'clock; now, do you? You know what it says about all work and no play."

"If ye call ke-apin' a few young 'uns in school half a dozen hours a day-ay workin'!" said Hiram ungallantly. "It seems to me that foar hoorder dollars a year is easy coom by in school-teaching! The farmers as pay-as the taxes do-an't ma-ake theer munny so-easy. Half a day-a in the school-house, an' soombody to do the swe-apin', an' ma-ake the foires in winter."

"But, Mr. Trotter, you surely wouldn't have me do the sweeping myself, would you? And you won't ask the trustees to reduce my salary, will you?" asked the pretty young teacher, laying her hand coaxingly on Hiram's blue jean blouse sleeve and smiling up into his uncompromising face, so roughly that his tightly-drawn features relaxed for an instant in spite of himself.

"It's well for some folks that have nothing to do but idle along the roads gigglin' and smirkin'!" broke in a sharp voice so suddenly that the young teacher almost jumped. 'Lizer had just come out of the gate to see what was keeping her small brother with the cows. Hiram turned to her, leaving the teacher staring in bewilderment after them.

"You don't need to come with me," snapped 'Lizer. "I've got something to do, if you haven't. You'd better stay where you're enjoyin' yourself so much."

"I'll ta-ake ye at yer word, then," retorted Hiram angrily. But the bicycle and its rider were almost out of sight. Hiram trudged back home, stopping on his way to buy some bread at a neighboring house.

Sunday and Wednesday passed, and Sunday again came—but not Hiram. Sairey confided with tears to Alfred that just as soon as she was a little bigger she'd run away or marry somebody; 'Lizer was getting that cross.

On Wednesday evening, just as tea was over, Hiram walked in and remarked casually that "he'd just been putten' the hoorse in the sta-able."

"Why didn't you come a little earlier, before everything got cold?" said 'Lizer, in a milder tone than her family had heard for a good many days. She put fresh tea in the pot and arranged the table. Then she went out to the milkhouse, and Hiram ate his supper and talked to the old man.

'Lizer came in with a pat of lovely golden butter for the table, and went out again. Hiram muttered something about "given" the hoorse soon o'-ats," and went out, too. In the dairy he found 'Lizer working over butter.

She went on with her work, and Hiram stood looking at her and at the rows of pans topped with yellow cream.

"Be the coos holdin' out well with theer milk?" he asked, by way of breaking the ice.

"About the same as usual," said 'Lizer, looking past Hiram, out through the door. "Spotty gives her pail reglar night and morning, but Blossom is fallin' off some."

"I guess it's the want o' rain that's dryin' them up."

There was another silence. "How have you been gettin' along for bread?" asked 'Lizer, patting away vigorously with the butter ladle.

"I've been gettin' soon from Mrs. Downes. But it wasn't like yours, 'Lizer," said Hiram, meaningly. Then, after another pause: "I've been thinkin', 'Lizer, what's the good o' waitin' till I get the farm finished pay-in-for? If wheat is any kind of a price this fall, I'll get all squared up an' be a-able t' afford to ke-ap a wooman. So what do ye say to two weeks from now?"

About a month later, the teacher, looking out of the school-room window, saw a young woman sitting alone, very stiff and straight, on the spring seat of a farm wagon and driving the horses with reins held high and wide apart. Behind the wagon a red and white cow followed, with evident reluctance. Another cow, which had positively refused to be led at the end of a rope, was being driven by a wiry-looking man who turned and doubled and cracked his whip to keep the creature headed in the right direction.

The cavalcade was 'Lizer on her wedding journey to her new home, taking her four-footed dowry with her.

### The Man Who "Has Things to Say."

ROF. DOWDEN, the famous Shakespearian scholar of Dublin University, recently published an estimate of Kipling that is at once "high and moderate." Kipling, he thinks, especially in his verse, "has things to say; he says them in no halting or hesitating manner, but 'after the use of the English,' as he has himself described that use, 'in straight-flung words and few.'" Certain of his short poems have "served to evoke or guide the feelings of nations and to determine action in great affairs." Whatever explanation may be offered for this, Professor Dowden says, "the least tenable is that which represents Mr. Kipling as a music-hall singer, addressing a vulgar crowd in the vulgar tones which they expect for the coin they pay":

"La Bruyere has said somewhere that the favor of a prince is no evidence of merit, but that also it indicates no deficiency of merit; the statement holds good of the

### Spring Shooting.

Scribner's Magazine.



Alfred—Be cautious, Weginaid, be cautious! A wounded animal is a most relentless foe!

favor of Prince Demos. It is true that Mr. Kipling sometimes twangs the banjo; and with its Tinka-tinka-tinka-tink he has not done ignobly; as a satirist he has with it 'jeered the fatted soul of things'; he has with it gallantly mocked defeat, and sung the song of lost endeavor. But he has also touched the solemn organ-stops, and it is precisely to such a poem as 'Recessional,' with its old pathetic strain, its warning against vain idols and folly and carnal pride, that the deepest response of our race is made. Mr. Kipling's swift conquest of the people indicates of course that his inspiration is not private and solitary; it means also that he is not the poet of a coterie or cencile.

"Mr. Kipling is not fastidious, but he does not sophisticate with good and evil. In a certain transcendental sense he may tell us that 'sin is vain,' and may indulge a little in the amusements of those gallant gentlemen of the halls of heaven who, knowing the vanity of sin, can fearlessly whistle the devil to make them sport. In general his feeling is the devout one that it is his task to 'draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are,' or, as he says with great dignity, in presenting to the Master a completed volume of his tales:

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Naught common, however much that is unclear.

"But above this turmoil of passions, above this scene of shames and heroisms, of evil doing, weak doing, mean doing, brave doing, rises the immutable Law; and that is best in life, whether it be toil, or suffering, or sorrow, which brings men into obedience to this law, or rather into active co-operation with it. Even the goose-step is a stage in the evolution of order, for the young recruit is silly, keeping himself 'awful' much as he does his side-arms; and it is well for him that he should be hammered: it is well that he should be put in the way of

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,  
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-er-less.

Not Carlyle himself could more sternly condemn the folly of doing things 'rather-more-or-less' than does Mr. Kipling.

### The Original Thomas Atkins.

The following is said to be the true story of the origin of the name "Tommy Atkins," as applied to the British regular. On the day the Sepoys rose at Lucknow, the Europeans, flying to the Residency for shelter, warned a sentry of his danger. He was a private of the 32nd Foot Guards (now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry), and like the Roman sentinel at Pompeii, he refused to quit his post. His name was Thomas Atkins, and he met his death with the tranquil courage of duty. "All through the terrible Mutiny," says a military writer, "when a man distinguished himself by any deed of bravery, his comrades used to call him 'a regular Tommy Atkins,' and thus the name of the hero was handed down to posterity." If this be true, how characteristic of the British War Office to use the name and ignore the act that made it famous! Clearly the distinguished persons who are inclined to treat it as a piece of vulgar impertinence have never heard of that sentry at Lucknow. Has Mr. Kipling heard? Doesn't he think that the original Thomas Atkins deserves a ballad? Or has he examined the tradition and found it naught?

### Lord Kelvin and the Newspapers.

In reply to someone who asked him whether he read a great deal, Lord Kelvin a little while ago made the rather startling reply that he had not read a book for thirty years. "I read nothing but the daily papers. Well, perhaps that is an over-statement: it may not be thirty years, but it is a long time. Of course, I am continually referring to books, but I have not the time for steady reading, except the daily papers, and I feel especially bound in crises of our history to study the course of events."



How to make your mark in society: Never miss a train—London "Fun."

### The Keyhole Reporter.

(I.—Hon. George Washington Josh and Mr. James Pliny Kitteny.)

G OOD morning, Mr. Josh. I s'pose you marvilled when the buttons brought in my card?"

"Honest Injun, I did speculate as to what hen might be on."

"Oh, I thought I'd drop in for a friendly chat before the House resumes. Nothing of any consequence, you know. Feeling in good fettle for another bloody encounter with the corporations in defence of public rights, I s'pose—eh? Ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho!"

"Haw, haw!"

"You're a droll wag, Kitteny, hanged if you're not. This is a fine business you and I are in. Nothing like keeping on good terms with Vested Rights, is there? Vested Rights and Pantless People, them's my sentiments."

"Well, of course a fellow's got to make a bluff occasionally the other way. Take my own case for example, dear Josh. You couldn't expect me not to let out a howl occasionally about corporation influence. It's part of the game—part of my game, at all events."

"Sure! Who are the people, anyway? Outside the two parties—yours and mine—who send us here, and the corporations, who keep the parties from going on an empty belly, there are no people—that is, no people worth counting. The rest are a lot of lobsters, each crawling backward and all in different directions."

"Precisely, dear Josh. Put with the eloquence and force of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, as the 'Globe' would say. (Aside: Poor Demosthenes, poor Cicero!) Who are the people, you ask. I tell you we are the people. You and Me! The whole push! In fact, it is! But of course, you understand, as I remarked before, it is part of the game—part of my game, at all events—to weep bitter tears while the shareholders and the bondholders, the promoters, the franchise-owners, the lobbyists and our own noble profession, the lawyers, look on from the boxes, the loges, and the best rows in the orchestra."

"Sure. If you got in—which I mean to arrange, dear Kitteny, that you never shall—you'd play my role and I'd play yours. Haw, haw, haw! We're sad dogs, aren't we, Pliny?"

"Sad dogs, indeed! Well, I must be moving. I've a date with Wink and Chink, solicitors for the Consolidated Plunder and Holdup, Railway Company (Unlimited)."

"And I'm expecting Jim Conway here with the draft of the new scrap-iron law. It provides, I understand, that only expert junk dealers, nominated by the companies concerned, shall be employed to assess the plant of electric gas, telephone, and street railway companies. Then the municipal councils, on receiving the figures of the experts, shall deduct 97 per cent, therefrom and divide the remainder by two. The result will give the assessable value of the property for the purposes of municipal taxation."

"A wise and upright law. A Daniel come to judgment."

"Yea, verily."

"Good day, George Washington."

"Ta, ta, James Pliny."

### To a Bachelor

On attaining his thirty-eighth birthday, 13th April, 1901.

Though possible, dear Bertram, you  
To "buds" are slightly out of date,  
There still be riper maidens who  
Are drawn to men of thirty-eight.

Cease hesitation now, (you know  
That Spring is Nature's time to mate)—  
Become a Benedict, and show  
You're common-sense at thirty-eight.

I have a maiden in my mind,  
Sweet-tempered, bright, not too ornate,  
To failings like your failings kind,  
The very one for thirty-eight.

Then pluck up courage, make a stand,  
Tis fatal to procrastinate,  
I once procrastinated, and—  
She married Brown, when thirty-eight.

E. C. MACKENZIE.

### Pride of Ancestry.

Not long since an acquaintance of mine said to me, with an air of pride: "I can trace back my ancestry to my great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather. He was a cavalier, and fought under Charles I." "And what does that amount to?" I answered him. "That was the eighth generation before you, and in that generation you had 128 forefathers and 128 foremothers, and you can account for but one of them, just 1/250th of your ancestry in that generation. Among the 127 men of whom you have never heard there may have been several who were hanged for murder, burglary, or sheep stealing, for all that

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Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Sat., April 21, 10 a.m.  
Lahn..... Tuesday, April 23, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 23, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresa, Tues., May 14, 10 a.m.  
Lahn..... Tuesday, May 21, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., May 28, 10 a.m.

## NEW YORK, BREMEN

Rhein..... Thursday, April 11, 9 a.m.  
Neckar..... Tuesday, April 18, 4 p.m.  
Barbara..... Thursday, April 25, 10 a.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR

NAPLES, GENOA

Hohenzollern..... Sat., April 13, 11 a.m.  
Aler..... Sat., April 20, 11 a.m.  
Werra..... Sat., April 27, 11 a.m.  
Trave..... Sat., May 11, 11 a.m.  
Hohenzollern..... Sat., May 18, 4 p.m.

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Full particulars from R. R. Full, Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto.

## A Pan-American Guide.

The New York Central Railroad's "Four-track Series" has been enriched by a new issue, No. 15 of the series. This is devoted in part to a description of the Pan-American Express, the new train which leaves New York every day in the year at 8 p.m., arriving at Buffalo at 7:30 o'clock the next morning. The folder is profusely illustrated with views of the Pan-American Exposition, and contains a map of the United States and Canada. On this map a circle five hundred miles in diameter has been drawn, with Buffalo as the central point. A foot-note states that "within a radius of five hundred miles of Buffalo will be found more than one-half of the population of the United States and more than three-fourths of the population of Canada."

A copy of No. 15 of the New York Central's "Four-track Series" will be sent free, postpaid, to any address in the world on receipt of a postage stamp of any country on the globe, by George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

## Anecdotal.

W. S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan opera fame, was one day standing on the steps of his club house in London, when a stranger approached and asked: "Does a man belong to your club with one eye named Walker?" "I don't know," was the answer: "what's the name of his other eye?"

Lord Paunder, the British Ambassador at Washington, was recently suffering from rheumatism and was asked to try a certain remedy by William Gwynn, the colored doorman of the State Department. They met a few days later. "That was a good cure you recommended, William," said Lord Paunder. "It cured my rheumatism and gave me the goot."

Arthur Simmons, the venerable negro attendant at the White House, was dozing in his chair the other day, when

an usher rushed upstairs and said: "Man down here wants to see Mr. Cortelyou." "Can't see him," replied Arthur, with dignity. "But this man says he's got to see him." "Don't care nothin' about that," said Arthur, preparing to resume his doze; "nobody can see Secretary Cortelyou; he's gone into his sanctum sanctorum."

An eccentric Maine preacher was recently driving along a country road, and overtaking a young man tramping his weary way on foot invited him to a seat in his sleigh. After he was comfortably seated the preacher rolled the whites of his eyes up under the visor of his cap and said, in sepulchral tones: "Young man, are you prepared to die?" With an ear-piercing scream and a back somersault over the back of the sleigh, the young man never been seen in those parts since.

When he departed for a short vacation, a Missouri editor left a minister in charge of his paper. He had been superintending things but a few days when a letter came from a "way-back" subscriber, which read: "You know—well I paid my subscription the last time I was in Lexington. If I get any more such letters I will come down and mail h— out of you." The minister answered: "I have been trying to mail that thing out of the editor for ten years, and if you really come down and mail it out of him, then, my dear sir, I have twenty members of my church you can operate on."

A young French officer one day went into a barber's shop, and, seeing only the boy there, thought to frighten him. Said he: "Boy, I want a shave, but be careful not to cut me. If you do," drawing his sword and laying it across his knees, "I shall put this through you." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, calmly, as he proceeded to his task, while he finished satisfactorily. "You are a good boy," said the officer, giving him a shilling. "But weren't you afraid?" "Not at all, sir," said the boy. "But I should have done as I said if you had cut me." "You wouldn't, sir." "Why not?" "Why, because if I had cut you at all I should have cut your bloomint' head off."

Nothing galls the natural pride of the true-blue Scotchman more than to have his country overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kem weel eneuch that nae son o' hers need to be tellt to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."

While talking of the many notable people he has met during his pugilistic career, John L. Sullivan said the other day in New York: "Once when I had a suite of rooms directly over Sarah Bernhardt. I never met the lady, and I didn't much care. She was jabbering French all the time, and was rehearsing constantly in her room. I heard so much of it that I pretty near had the willies. One night I happened to follow Sarah into Her Majesty's Theater in Sydney, and I had a good chance to size her up. She was a featherweight, all right, and there was so much powder on her face that I thought she'd made a mistake! She got a look at me, and, because I had been so much annoyed by her jabbering, I scowled at her—gave her the look that used to scare the bubs who tried to stay four rounds with me. Well, sir, Sarah gave one long, mournful howl and fainted away. After that she didn't jabber any more, for she'd found out who was living upstairs."

## How to be Happy.

The Glory of Labor, Confession and Tootheache.

**G**HE true secret of contented happiness is not to do as you like, but to like what you do. It may cost some training and thought to get this principle into working order, but when it is fairly running, like a golden thread through the dark and twisted web of life, there is nothing equal to it. Submission, Providence, which is often an alias for laziness, or masks an inward rebellion against the consequence of our own mistakes or sins, will never give the bright-eyed, buoyant interest which every life should have. It is tremendously hard to do just as you like without opposition or hindrance; the country is flat, no "hill difficulty" is to be climbed, with its scriptural sense and the threosome members out. Well—I know all these things now, since a wisdom tooth has "put me wise." It's not aching just now; if we, I shouldn't be writing about it!

Life is full of experiences, having an entirely new one (please don't laugh). It's a toothache! For nearly half a century I've wondered why people submitted to a toothache; why, above all, if they had it at night, they got up and walked about with it. Why they couldn't stop it, corner it up, finish it by some grand, heroic treatment? Why, in short, they couldn't be scriptural, and cast the threosome members out. Well—I know all these things now, since a wisdom tooth has "put me wise." It's not aching just now; if we, I shouldn't be writing about it!

And a "wisdom" tooth, if you please, which, like the wise man at a stupid party, is the last to come and the first to go, is demoralizing the whole lot of those ivories which have done such good service without a hitch all this time. If that wisdom tooth would do his own aching and be content I could stand it, but he won't. During a pleasant luncheon he suddenly remembers that there is an inoffensive neighbor two doors off that he can poke up a bit. He waits, the rascal! until I have a bit of work for that neighbor to do, on an extra nice morsel, then, oh-wow! he sends a red-hot wire along to him, "Ache, old man!" and the response sends tears to my eyes. "I'm aching; listen to Her!" I open my mouth to laugh, and that wisdom tooth is watching. "Too giddy!" he sneers. "Here, next you tooth; give her a hint!" And another fiery-hot agony jumps out. Oh, it's new, but sometimes I confess I prefer the old ways!

## Commencing the New Season Badly.



Fair Player—Well, I'm the most unlucky person that ever played golf! When I struck Mr. Chumply in the mouth, then the ball struck Mr. Freshly in the eye, and now I've broken Mr. Softly's best stick.

guests three months after the ground for its foundation was broken. Even in little things one is hustled and hurried senselessly and absurdly. Garments are rushed out any old way by the hundreds, and they pull and go wrinkled and bag and choke you, all because they are made a few cents cheaper, without thought or care. This is the labor which curses and discourages the worker, just because it forbids that saying sanctity of putting his or her very best into it. There were machine-made things long ago, which did not do this, because the workers had the chance to do good work. For instance, I once stood beside an old man of eighty, who was weaving a piece of Irish poplin. For sixty years he had sat at his loom and never had asked for a vacation. No one could weave as exquisitely as the wonderful octogenarian, with his silver hair and pale, fine old face. He stopped to show me his pattern, a delicately lovely plume of feathers on a glistening gray ground. And his face brightened with great love and pride as he told me he had woven the trouser gowns—nay more, the girlish frocks of the good Queen-Empress. All work, they tell you, and no play will make a dull boy. But not when one loves the work, and with a love which demands perfection, such a love as shone in the face of the old Irish poplin weaver as he passed his light fingers tenderly over the length of the splendid fabric which his skill and devotion had created, and noted its perfection and beauty proudly.

I was between two fires the other day, and they burned in a discussion as to whether one should unburden a record of one's sins and be cheered up in repentance by another sinner, or whether it were preferable to whisper the tale of wrong-doing direct to the Lawmaker, and so doing get rid of the load in another way. The idea that the thing we do, whether right or wrong, can be disassociated from us in conception or consequence seems to me to be the first step into a myriad of mistakes. No abasement before God and mortal will after the fact that we did or did not do. Beside that fact I see nothing; and that is the fact people don't consider when they tell their tale of sin and get cheer and absolution, and go away and do it again, or something as bad or worse. If there is anything on earth which exasperates me it is to have someone destroy or spoil something, then say, with ever so heavy a voice, "Oh, I am so sorry!" and go off perfectly satisfied with themselves and expect to be forgiven. I cannot forgive myself so easily, though I confess I expect to be forgiven. You cannot hold resentment against one who is always conscious of the injury he has done himself by injuring you. Don't you see the way that would work? The principle that you and I can't afford to injure ourselves by injuring another gets at the root of all wrong doing, whether of act or word. It recognizes that the divine in us expects its homage, and where, when you arrive at this point, is the need of telling mortal outside or divine within that we have erred and are suffering for our fault? It only remains to make you do the same.

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

## Children's Concepts of God.

THE boy was eight years old. His mother was foreign-born and spoke little English. His father was of French extraction, and though he spoke English by preference, it was not the king's English. As far as the memories of their neighbors ran they were excellent people.

The boy went to school in a State that is at great pains to teach its children the questionable performances of the pagan gods of antiquity, and at equal pains to exclude any mention of the God in whose name their commonwealth is founded. Moreover, he grew up in a corner of it where church-going and Sunday school are in scant favor. His own people, and most of his neighbors, were good Catholics when they remembered to be anything, which was about once in two years.

He had been to school about two years when he fell into the hands of the teacher who makes this record.

It was the hour for original composition.

"You may take your slate," said the teacher, "and write all you know about God." When she had looked at some slate the teacher asked: "Is God good?"

There was doubt on some faces, a few tentative "Yes, ma'am's," then a general rush of affirmation as the opinion gained ground that this was the required answer.

But the boy said "no," "No, ma'am, no; He ain't good"; said it with conviction and some anxiety, lest she should be misled on this important point by the ignorance of the majority. The teacher walked down the aisle and turned up the boy's slate. In the middle of it he had written in a cramped, scrawling hand: "God is a swar." And his teacher had told him it is bad to swear, so had his mother—of course God is bad.

The teacher looked down into a face already beginning to be troubled about the discrepancies between his personal convictions and the popular opinion, and explained that it is because God is so good that it is wrong to use his name in a bad way. She also added the information, evidently new, that God made everything, and that he sees and loves the children.

But if the boy knew nothing of the attributes of Deity, he was well acquainted with the ways of angels, as a chance reference in the reading lesson revealed. He said they were ladies that lived in the sky, and had wings with feathers on them. They could fly and play the fiddle. He said he knew all these things from a picture his mother had, which picture, when the teacher found opportunity to see it, proved to be a Madonna surrounded by any number of able-bodied "ladies" playing stringed instruments.

It was the day the teacher took the third-year class out to the irrigating ditch to study the behavior of tadpoles that the boy evolved his theory of the order of creation.

"Did God make the tadpoles?" he questioned.

"Yes." "And did he make the toads?" "Yes, those too."

"Then why didn't he make 'em all toads, and not let them be tadpoles?"

"I do not know; what do you think about it?"

The boy was quite used to such answers from his teacher.

"I guess," he said, "it was too hard to make 'em all toads at first. It ain't so much trouble to make 'em tadpoles, and let 'em get to be toads themselves."

The teacher talked sometimes, in words of one syllable, of God's knowledge of their misdeeds, and their accountability to him, but was careful never to ascribe to him any semblance of habitation. Yet from some source the boy learned to locate God's home in the vast, unshadowed blue, and to look to him as the author of all natural phenomena. When he did not know the answer to any question in the nature lesson, such as: What makes the wind? What makes the rainbow? he answered "God," with an air of finality that made it a little difficult to explain the difference between primal cause and physical agency.

It was a gusty country where these things happened, and the wind was often the subject of the morning talk. In the early spring the children brought to school whistles and slips of young willow bark. There was a blowing contest one day under the window where the teacher stood to overlook the playground. The boy came off second best, but though acknowledging defeat was unwilling to admit the superiority of the victor.

"Who you think you can blow, don't you? Well, I know somebody that can blow a lot harder than you can."

"Who, then?" demanded the other.

"Well, God can; he can blow forty miles an hour!"

During the morning recess in the beginning of the marble season the unex-

pected happened. The boy and one other had a fight. The teacher instituted enquiries that elicited the following explanation:

"We were playing marbles and the bell rang, so we picked up the marbles and came quick, 'cause you don't like us to be late. And I picked up Eddie's faw and didn't know I had it, and I gave it back to him at recess. And he said I stole it, and he would tell God on me. And I hit him, and," indignation breaking out in fresh tears, "he hit me, 'cause he was going to tell God on me. And I didn't want him to do that, 'cause I didn't steal it neither."

The boy listened respectfully enough to the teacher's explanation of this vexatious point, but the trouble did not go out of his face for some moments.

He had a robust faith in God's prowess that would have accepted the sun standing still upon Gleason as a matter of course. Such orthodox traditions as the teacher found opportunity to tell him out of hours met with the readiest belief. In one of their walks for nature study, the children discussed the height and difficulty of ascent of the mountain about whose foot they strayed. Almost impassable they judged it, but the boy would not have it so.

"I'll bet," he said, "that God could go over it in one jump, and never know it."

At the end of the term the teacher had the children write on their slates all they had learned about God. Such instruction as she had given them had necessarily been of the simplest, to the effect that the Creator of all things loved those creatures, knew all things, even to the innermost thoughts of their hearts, and wished them all to do right. Nothing more. And the boy wrote:

"God is a great big man that lives in the sky. He is good. God made the grass. God made the wind blow. God made the toads. God made everything. God can see right through a house or anything. When you die God gets you. He is stronger than anybody."

Chiquita did not come of a religious family, and being reared in the comfortable isolation of a California ranch had not, up to her fourth year, received any account of things. The well-meaning person who gave her the first report of Deity was not particularly happy in the attempt. Shortly afterward Chiquita was heard to ask a member of the family if he knew "anything about that good old man that lives up in the sky." Being laughed at, she would not for a long time refer to him in any way.

When the teacher gave her an account of the creation she received it sceptically, and seemed inclined to regard it as a sort of fairy tale. However, since she was not troubled with nice distinctions of moral attributes, she seemed to accept him finally as the "Creator, and in the wide-open days of summer grew into a kind of reverential awe of him, not often found in church-bred children. She wished very much to open communication with him, but it was always as the God of outdoors. Often she said of a fruit or a flower, "Let us not pick that, let us leave it for God."

Once, walking among the hills, she strayed away from the others and was gone so long that someone asked her what she had been doing. "Oh, just talking with God," was all the explanation she vouchsafed.

As Chiquita began to go about more, and to read, she gradually acquired a less pagan conception of Deity. She heard the Old Testament myths, and rated them less than "Red Riding-hood," and "Jack the Giant-Killer." That her elders treated these tales seriously afforded her a grave amusement.

With this new knowledge came the inevitable materialistic imagery of the half-taught. About this time she was heard to reprove her dolls for not "going to church every Sunday the way God does."

She was also detected in certain mysterious rites connected with offerings of bits of food and treasured tinsel scraps, which she bestowed on favorite trees, or in clefts in the rocks. These she was very unwilling to be questioned about, and it was never ascertained if they were in any way connected with her ideas of the superhuman, or were simple imitative plays.

The God of outdoors was gradually dropped from her common thought, and the new God had no place in her cosmogony. "God is very religious, is He not?" she said in her seventh year, which the teacher thought was rather a falling off. —Mary Austin in "Kindergarten."

## Grand Trunk New Fast Trains.

Official announcement is made by the management of the Grand Trunk Railway that it has been definitely decided to put on two new fast express trains between Chicago and New York early this summer. The trains will run solid, leaving Chicago daily at a convenient hour in the morning, arriving at Buffalo early in the afternoon, and New York early in the afternoon; they will leave New York in the morning, reaching Buffalo early in the evening, and Chicago before noon the following day. These trains, which will consist of combination baggage and smoking cars, standard Grand Trunk coaches, the finest Pullman cars that this well-known establishment turn out and the popular cafe-parlor cars, put into service some time ago on the "International Limited" and "Eastern Flyer" are now being constructed. The large ten-wheeled Morse-type engines will be used to haul them.

These trains will, without doubt, become popular, operating as they will through a country full of beautiful scenery, and passing over the Grand Trunk single-arch, double-track steel bridge over the Niagara Gorge, from which the view of the Falls and the Whirlpool Rapids is something magnificent; then passing through the "Land o' Lakes" in Central Western New York, giving a glimpse of the captivating view of one of America's most aridian spots, and the Wyoming Valley, thence through Mauch Chunk, which has been called the Switzerland of America.

Buster—I am having awful luck. I am now down to my last shilling. Debroke—Pshaw, that's nothing. Wait till you are down to the last shilling of your last friend.

## Laid Up.

## A Strong Man on His Back Through Kidney Trouble.

A Toronto Contractor Who Was Never Without Pain for Years, and Who Had Many Times to Quit Work—Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Him Well.

Toronto, Ont., April 8.—(Special)—At No. 86 Lippincott street, in this city, Mr. W. J. Keane. Mr. Keane is a contractor, and is one of the best-known men in his line of business in Toronto.

Like many other successful men, Mr. Keane has suffered during his busy life a great deal, from Kidney Disorders. For years he suffered great pain. He was forced at times to quit his work altogether and go to bed. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is well. This is what he says about it:

"It gives me great pleasure to write in praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills and the good they have done me. I am never without them."

"I have been a great sufferer with pains in my back, in the region of my kidneys. I was very sick, and at times could not attend to my work at all."

"I used several medicines, but nothing I ever tried seemed to help me in the least, until a friend of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I immediately found relief, and was able to resume my work."

"I used altogether seven boxes before being completely cured. Since then I have never been sick a day. I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble."

It is hard to understand how anyone will continue to suffer from Lame Back or any other symptom of Kidney Trouble after so many frank and full statements by men well known in all walks of life that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured them.

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. They never fail. They cannot fail. Years of trial have absolutely proven that there is no case of Kidney Complaint, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Lumbar, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, Bladder or Urinary Troubles that Dodd's Kidney Pill's will not cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only medicine that ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy.

Thousands of Canadians have tried and proved and testified.

## Books and Their Makers.

TWO new Ouida books have been brought out in England. Street

Dust and Other Stories is one; A Rainy June and Don Gesualdo the other. What a Dantesque Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, remarks London "Truth," might post of pessimism write if he took, not Gray's view of what might have been, but a realistic view of what had been—especially if the churchyard was Italian! But are you to take Ouida's sketches in Street Dust of the lives of the Italian poor as absolutely faithful? Street Dust, read even with a comforting misgiving on this point, is a terrible indictment of the extravagant ambition of Italy, which grinds the faces of the poor, who, being at the bottom, feel the whole superincumbent weight of the country's burdens. It stirs the heart to read even with a bated breath, "Let us not pick that, let us leave it for God."

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## How Japanese Women Keep House.

Even the highest class of Japanese women have their household duties to perform, and, no matter how rich the family, Japanese girls are brought up to be able to sew, cook, and attend to their homes.

In Japan the higher-class women never go to market: the market comes to them. That is, the dealers call and offer wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish merchant brings his stock, and if any is sold

It is stated that Dr. Johnson's "Ram-

bler" is to be revived "in the original shape and manner." Herbert Vivian, a gentleman who has traveled considerably and has written a good deal for the magazines, is to be the editor, and the first number of the new issue will be awaited with interest. Dr. Johnson's last "Rambler" was No. 208. Mr. Vivian's first "Rambler" will be No. 209. Old World subjects are to be treated, and among the contributors will be W. E. H. Grey. It would make the new "Rambler" the more interesting if the Johnsonian gravity could be revived.

George N. Morang & Co. (Limited) announce the early publication of The Octopus: A Story of Wheat-growing in California, and of the great struggle of the wheat-growers with the gigantic railroad trust represented by the Pacific and Southwestern Railroad. It is a very powerful story, and is written by Frank Norris, who is already known as a rising writer of fiction.

W. J. Gage & Co. have just published The Third Floor, by Mrs. Dudeney. The critics generally speak very highly of this romance of modern London. The same company announce for immediate publication Miss Clark's new story, God's Puppets, said to be a charming revelation of life in the eighteenth century.

Churton Collins, who has just roused the lesser literary folk in England by his vigorous attack on the puffing and log-rolling methods of acquiring fame, is a middle-aged man, fair, spectacled and imperturbable. It is said that his manner of lecturing is to open his notebook, draw up his feet under his chair, and then to "ladle" out facts, facts, facts.

H. B. Marriott Watson, the novelist, was born near Melburne thirty-eight years ago, and was educated in New Zealand. He has been an assistant editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." His wife is the lady known to readers of verse as "Graham Tomson."

It is worth while to remember that thirty editions of one or more of Shakespeare's plays were published last year, and ten books dealing with his life and works. This seems to be a valuable bit of information for the flippan gentleman who lately announced that nobody read Shakespeare nowadays.

Gilbert Parker is again at work upon a new novel—but a novel whose scene is laid in Egypt, not in Canada. He has just been acquiring local color in the land of the Pyramids.

The Kipling fever is growing in France. The French translation of the Jungle Book has gone into its third edition in Paris.

There is to be a complete edition in English of the works of Cervantes. The editor is that competent person, Fitz-maurice Kelly.

To meet the wishes of numerous customers Morang & Co. have determined to issue a paper edition of Col. G. T. Denison's Soldiering in Canada.

## A Yankee Yarn.

"M.A.P." relates the following little story, gravely told, one evening, in a dressing-room at a London West End theater where nearly all "the talent" is "American." "I guess you'll hardly believe what I say to be true," said the man who told the story, "but I once met with a most touching experience. I was taking a country walk, and I happened to notice that a large stone had rolled off the bank at the side of the road on to a snake that was vainly trying to escape from under the weight. Say! I just fell sorry for the poor brute, so I lifted the stone carefully away, and the snake was so grateful that he followed me right home, and became a house pet of the whole family! Now, the most curious thing happened later on," continued the actor, with settled gravity, "when we'd had that snake round our place for about six months. He was a rattlesnake. One night a burglar broke into the house. Not a soul was roused. But our pet must have heard the footsteps. Say! he glided along the floor. He twisted himself firmly round that burglar's leg and held him tight, at the same time he thrust his tail end out of the window where the burglar had climbed in, and—shook his rattle to summon the police!"

By the way, what a characteristic Ouida touch have you in this endearing tale of the life of a priest, who, to save the heroine, takes upon himself the guilt of murder, which he knew through the confessional had been committed by a scoundrel that escaped free even of the suspicion of the crime. It is a pathetic tale dramatically told.

Don Gesualdo, the other story, turns upon the sacrifice of a priest, who, to save the heroine, takes upon himself the guilt of murder, which he knew through the confessional had been committed by a scoundrel that escaped free even of the suspicion of the crime. It is a pathetic tale dramatically told.

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was loitering in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, my dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a decent stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich brogue: "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night and every damn night, —Michael Murphy." —New York "Evening Sun."

—Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night and every damn night, —Michael Murphy." —New York "Evening Sun."

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

## ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.





**M**R. JOHN BAYLEY, whose loss we shall soon have to lament, gave his farewell concert in the Massey Hall on Tuesday night before a large audience of his friends and well-wishers. A number of our leading musicians and artists testified to their esteem as well as to their appreciation of his long, valuable and faithful services in the cause of local music, by rallying to his support and providing a programme that was one of the most attractive local efforts of the year. Mr. Torrington, Mr. Drummond, Mr. MacGregor, Miss Eileen Millett, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. Blight, Miss Annie Foley and about forty-five of the orchestral musicians of the city all gave their services voluntarily. Mr. Bayley's son, Mr. Harold Bayley, was the solo violinist, and played in capital style. Jehin Prume's brilliant Faust fantasia. One of the most successful features of the evening was Mr. Tripp's playing of Mendelssohn's piano concerto in G minor (Andante and Finale). Mr. Tripp gave the concerto a luminous and artistic rendering, his interpretation being adequately supplemented by his facile technique. The orchestra accompanied him without any conspicuous slips, and indeed did themselves credit with but brief preparation. The purely orchestral numbers included the overture to Semiramide, conducted by Mr. Bayley; Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Keler Bela's Lustspiel, conducted by Mr. Torrington, Vogt, Welsman, Tripp and Dr. Ham blowing their cuckoo, quasimotifs, nightingales, etc., with enthusiastic earnestness. To watch Mr. Welsman playing the wood-devil and the chorus, "Praise His Awful Name," from Spohr's Last Judgment.

Next Sunday being the octave of Easter, the Easter music will be repeated at St. Simon's Church. Matins and communion will include Te Deum, West in G, Credo in G, J. Agutter; communion service in G, by Mander; etc. At evensong will be sung Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in G. Mander, and the chorus, "Praise His Awful Name," from Spohr's Last Judgment.

The Clef Club will have a great gathering on "Ladies Night" at McConkey's on the evening of the 15th Inst. One of the features of the occasion will be a performance of Haydn's Toy Symphony by the leading lights of the profession. It will cause, no doubt, many an expansive smile to see Messrs. Torrington, Vogt, Welsman, Tripp and Dr. Ham blowing their cuckoo, quasimotifs, nightingales, etc., with enthusiastic earnestness. To watch Mr. Welsman playing the wood-devil and the chorus, "Praise His Awful Name," from Spohr's Last Judgment.

The death of Dr. John Stainer has deprived England of one of her most distinguished organists, and of a sound, admirable and versatile musician. He had a long and successful musical career. Born in London in 1840, he became a chorister in St. Paul's Cathedral at the age of seven years, at which time he was capital sight-singer and a precocious organ player. In 1854 he became organist and choirmaster of St. Benedict and St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, while continuing his studies, in harmony from Mr. Bayley, master of St. Paul's boys, and in counterpoint from Dr. Steggall. He next obtained a course of instruction on the organ from George Hart at St. Sepulchre's. In 1856 he obtained his degree of Mus. Bac. at Oxford, and shortly after succeeded Mr. Blyth as organist of St. Magdalene's College. He had also been appointed organist of the University of Oxford, and was conductor of a college musical society. In 1865 he won his Mus. Doc. certificate, and was appointed one of the examiners for musical degrees. He succeeded John Goss as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1872, and effected a wondrous improvement in the musical services. In 1882 he succeeded John Hullah as inspector of music in the elementary schools of England for the Privy Council. He filled, in later years, many important and honorable positions. In musical literature he is best known for his Dictionary of Musical Terms, which he compiled in conjunction with W. A. Barrett, and for his manuals on Harmony and the Organ in Novello's series of primers. His compositions include the oratorio, Gideon, the cantata, The Daughter of Jairus, several cathedral services and anthems and a fair amount of general church music. Much of his sacred music is constantly sung in the Anglican churches of Canada.

The foregoing is not one whit too strong an appreciation of Mr. Bayley as a musician and a man. His departure will be a distinct set-back to the cause of orchestral music, for as a leader there is no one to take his place. One after another, our best orchestral players leave the city and betake themselves to the United States, where talent and worth are better appreciated and encouraged than they are in Toronto. I could give a long list of violinists and violoncellists, to say nothing of players of other instruments, that Toronto has lost in consequence of the indifference the citizens have shown to the claims of orchestral music. So far as stringed instrument players are concerned, we have allowed ourselves to drift into a position in which we are no better off than we were thirty years ago. Mr. Bayley will be followed wherever he goes by the good wishes and the respect of all who are acquainted with his abilities as a sound and conscientious musician, and his sterling merits and good qualities as a man.

Madame Patti's beautiful castle, Craig-y-Nos, is to be sold by auction on June 18. Apart from its picturesque situation Craig-y-Nos has every feature that goes to make an ideal country residence, including a miniature chapel and a theater, or ballroom, complete in every respect. The estate attached to the castle comprises about 432 acres.

The subscriptions for the Victoria memorial organ have so far proceeded in a very encouraging manner, nearly \$7,000 having been promised on the date of the last report of the organizing committee. It is probable that by today (Saturday) the amount may approach very closely to \$10,000. The organists and choirmasters of the city are interesting themselves in the movement, and their sympathy and support should prove of great help. Toronto will have something to boast of if the committee can secure so magnificent an organ as is contemplated, which will be the finest in America.

The choir of Elm Street Church gave a very interesting concert on Good Friday evening. The soloists were Miss May Macwhinney, Miss Florence Macpherson, Mr. Allen Fusher, and Mr. W. J. A. Carnahan, vocalists, and Miss Jessie Perry, the talented organist. The programme was varied, containing selections by Tosti, Hawley, Godard, Lohr, Mattel, Dannton and Gullmann. Miss Perry's organ solo, the Sonata in D minor by Gullmann, was one of the features of the concert. The soloists sang with a good deal of artistic finish, and the choir well sustained their reputation. Mrs. Burton Fletcher of Buffalo made a very favorable impression in a selection of readings. She proved to be versatile, but was most successful in the lighter style of recitation.

A musical was given by the Toronto Junction College of Music in Kilburn Hall, which was crowded to the doors, the occasion being the farewell appear-

ance of Mrs. Chattoe-Morton, who has successfully filled the position of vocal instructor at the college for the past two seasons, but is now leaving for New York. Mrs. Chattoe-Morton, who has a rich contralto voice of good compass, delighted her audience in two numbers, and was warmly applauded. Other vocal numbers were given by the pupils of the college, and a varied programme of piano compositions by Schumann, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Nevin reflected credit on the teachers who had trained the pupils. The teachers represented were the Misses Macmillan, Payne, Cornock, Rowntree, Davis, Mrs. Chattoe-Morton, Miss Skeath-Smith and Burns. The Easter holidays extended from April 4 to 9, at which time the summer term of the college opened. The increase in attendance this season has been so great that the present quarters are inadequate to meet the requirements of teachers and pupils, and the college will be moved to a more commodious building in September. Many pupils are in attendance from distant points, British Columbia being represented.

On Tuesday evening, April 23, a lecture on church music will be given in Jarvis Street Baptist Church by the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt. The lecture will be illustrated with selections by the choir. A lecture on the same subject was given by Mr. Vogt in Victoria University several weeks ago, and its repetition is due to the receipt of requests to that effect from many quarters. A collection will be taken at the door, proceeds to be devoted to the choir fund.

The Purcell Society gave last month at the Coronet Theater, London, several performances of Dido and Aeneas. The event excited a great deal of interest. London "Truth" makes the following comments: "Dido was never intended for public representation at all, and although the nonsense of Nahum Tate's libretto would be ridiculed in any circumstances, yet the music is even more effective in the concert room than on the stage. As everybody knows, it was written about 1680 for a girl's school. It had an accompaniment for strings and harpsichord only, but during the Purcell bi-centenary fêtes of 1885 it was orchestrated by Dr. Charles Wood. It was thus performed at the Lyceum by the students of the Royal College of Music. Our plot has took, the Queen's forsooth, is only one of the gems of Nahum Tate's libretto, while another lovely line runs, 'Thus on the fatal banks of Nile, weeps the deceitful crocodile.' Some of the choruses in Dido are, however, very fine, particularly the laughing chorus which closes the invocation, the echo effect in the finale to the first part, and the Haste chorus in the second act; while Dido's farewell, constructed on a ground bass, is a remarkable example of dramatic effect in music. But Purcell was at his best in his sacred works, despite the doctrine of the author of Letters to the Dead from the Living, who remarked that members of Purcell's profession 'are equally attracted by the church and the playhouse,' so that they are, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between Heaven and earth."

Her Siegfried Wagner has evidently not inherited the genius of his illustrious father. His new opera, Herzog Wildfang, produced the other day at the Munich Opera House, proved a dismal failure, the music and commonplace libretto being received with whistling and hissing. The despatches state that there was a strong Bayreuth element in the audience and that the members of the court were all present, but the composer's friends could not save the piece, the overture to which is especially weak. It was Siegfried's wish to produce a second Meistersinger, but he has only succeeded, we are told, in attaining a weak caricature, hardly above the level of operetta.

The Easter Sunday musical services in the city churches were more elaborate this year than ever. Some thousands of people attended the services in St. James' Cathedral, St. Michael's and the Metropolitan Methodist Church. Mr. Torrington and his choir gave a specially imposing selection at the last-named church. The great chorus "Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting," from the Redemption, was one of the numbers, and was performed with harps and cornets, almost on the same lines as it would be given at a concert production. The solo singers were Miss Eileen Millett, Mr. David Ross, Mr. J. A. Vallery and Miss Lilian Kirby, all of whom sang very effectively. Some hundreds of people were unable to gain admission in the evening. At St. Michael's, Gounod's Messe de Sacre Coeur was sung, a strictly devotional work with none of the florid element in it. The absence of an orchestra, however, took away some of the attractiveness of the performance. At some of the Anglican churches orchestral accompaniments were employed, with a decided musical gain.

The Easter music given in the services of the Trinity Methodist church last Sunday was much appreciated by large congregations, and responding to the desire expressed by a number of the members of the congregation, the choir, under the direction of Mr. Kirby, will give a choral service next Sunday evening, repeating most of the music rendered at both services last Sunday, with appropriate additions.

Local musicians and those who have only the claim of being fond of music have found the pretty studio in the Yonge Street Arcade a pleasant place in which to spend an hour on the evenings devoted by the Harmony Club to the rehearsal of Sullivan's Gondoliers. Mr. Adam Dockray, who has become known through his work in connection with the choir of the Church of the Ascension, is directing the chorus, and Miss Teresa Röller is in charge of the dramatic work. Mr. Dockray has under his baton a chorus of 70 voices, who have been practicing three nights a week for several weeks. Visitors to the studio on Monday night last were very much taken with some of the choruses. The "Thank You, Gallant Gondolier," in which the sopranos sing two-quarter time while the tenors and basses are singing three-quarter time, won great commendation, as an example of the care that had been taken in regard to accent and rhythm. In making a selection of solo voices for the

cast, care appears to have been taken that suitable parts shall fall to the share of the singers. All the principals have a local reputation as soloists, and the fact that they are perfectly at home in the parts that they are to play gives the chorus a confidence and assurance that means much for the success of the opera. Miss Röller, who is in charge of the dramatic work of the opera, should be well qualified for the task she has undertaken. She studied for some time under Paolo Tosti, and later under Dr. Horton Allison, her dramatic studies being carried on under Paoli Gorzo. Miss Röller was a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and recently spent a year in the South with the Columbia Opera Company. The Easter holidays extended from April 4 to 9, at which time the summer term of the college opened. The increase in attendance this season has been so great that the present quarters are inadequate to meet the requirements of teachers and pupils, and the college will be moved to a more commodious building in September. Many pupils are in attendance from distant points, British Columbia being represented.

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The Canadian Royal Academy opens its annual exhibition to the public today. This is the most important collection of native art work since '93, as the pictures will be chosen from here to represent Canadian art at the Pan-American.

#### Two Constructions.

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram which read: "G.T.M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G.T.M." meant, and inquired of officers, who translated it "General Traffic Manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics so can I."

He wired back:

"G.T.M. can G.T.H."

Two days later he received a despatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting," repeated the colonel, innocently; "it was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H. ??'

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel. "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel. "G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

—

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made about Miss Brown's singing than Miss Smith's, and I am sure that Miss Smith has the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes; but Miss Brown has the richer father.

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April 13, 1901

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Incomparable  
in  
Workmanship

## Mason &amp; Risch Pianos

Matchless  
in  
ToneOur Bottled Ales  
are not carbonated  
—they are brewed  
from the finest malt  
and hops only, are  
fully matured in  
wood and bottle and  
are therefore pure  
and wholesome as  
well as mellow and  
delicious.AMBER ALE  
ALL DEALERSTORONTO BREWING CO.  
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...FOR...Kitchen Utensils  
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Pails, Brooms, Etc.  
ASK TO SEE OUR  
"Sensible" Dust Pan

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Riding  
HatsWe're showing the correct blocks—  
Silks and Stiff Felts—English and  
American make—regulation Satin  
Sweat Bands. Pleased to have you  
inspect them.

84 YONGE ST.

## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Gunther and Mrs. J. Baird  
Laidlaw will not receive callers for four  
weeks. On Friday, May 10th, they will  
again receive.Miss Sheila Macdougall is visiting  
her aunt, Madame Girouard of Ottawa.  
Mrs. Hugh Macdonald is better after  
some weeks of illness. Mr. Macdonald  
was confined to bed with a cold this  
week. Miss Eva Smith and Rev. Francis  
Heathcote are to be married early  
in June.On Wednesday afternoon Miss Florence  
F. Ryckman, daughter of Rev. Dr. Ryckman  
and Professor William Dale of McMaster University  
were married at the residence of the bride's  
father in Brockville, the Rev. Dr. Ryckman  
performing the ceremony. Only a family party was present. Miss Edith Ryckman was her sister's  
bridesmaid. The party enjoyed the  
wedding breakfast, and after it was  
discussed the bride and groom took the  
boat to Morrisstown, and will spend the  
honeymoon in the Eastern States.Mrs. Frederick Jordan Scheal entered  
at afternoon tea on Thursday.  
The musical programme which the  
hostess arranged was thoroughly en-  
joyed.Dr. D. M. Anderson, late surgeon R.  
M.S. "Empress of India" has arrived  
home after visiting the South Sea Islands,  
Australia, South Africa and  
England. He was in Sydney when the  
first Governor-General, Earl Hopetoun,  
arrived, and succeeded in taking  
some excellent snapshots of his reception.Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge are going  
to England on May 4 by the Lucania.  
Mrs. Wallbridge will receive for the  
last time this week before her de-  
parture.Mrs. Edward Leadley of Esther  
street, and her son and daughter-in-  
law, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Leadley,  
arrived at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., on Wednesday, where they  
expect to sojourn for two months.Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eckardt were  
at the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point Com-  
fort, for the Easter holidays.Mr. Percy Schofield, manager of the  
Standard Bank, Chatham, spent Easter  
in town.The last meeting of the Browning  
Club for this season will be held on the  
evening of Wednesday next. As the  
officers for the following year will be  
elected, the meeting is called for twenty  
minutes before eight, punctually. It  
is requested that all members be present  
for this part of the meeting. The  
paper for the evening is on "Brown-  
ing's Philosophy," and following this  
will be a discussion on his ideals, his  
character, his artistry and his effectiveness.  
The favorite passages from  
the year's work will also be read. The  
meeting is open, as usual, to any to  
whom it may be of interest.Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cameron of Brus-  
sels, who have been spending the Easter  
holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Leckie  
of Earl street, have returned home.  
Miss Campbell of Listowel is a guest  
in town, and is staying at present with  
Mrs. Leckie.A number of Toronto people jour-  
neyed to Markham on Easter Monday  
and enjoyed a delightful dance given  
by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Reesor in their  
prettily new home.Mrs. J. A. Vandervoort of Belleville,  
who has been in Toronto for some  
months, where she has a large circle of  
friends, leaves for her home this week.Miss Louise N. Currie, superinten-  
dent of kindergartens, has left for Chi-  
cago to attend the convention of the  
International Kindergarten Union,  
which is holding its meetings there.Mrs. James McCullough of 172 Spadina  
avenue entertained about one  
hundred young people on Tuesday,  
April 9, in honor of the Misses Bolter  
of Pleton. Among those present were  
Misses Olive and Josephine Sheppard,  
Miss Mamie Millichamp and Dr. Mil-  
lichamp, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Leadley,  
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Shurley,  
Mr. and Mrs. Newton-Brown, Miss  
Elia Matheson, Miss Ruth Cameron,  
Miss Gertrude Johnston, Miss Edna G.  
Baxter, Miss Ruby Frazer, Miss Jean  
Milne, Miss Winifred Young, Miss  
Olive Hodgins, Miss May Grant, Miss  
Roberta Eakins, Miss Marie Perry,  
Miss Rodle, Miss Gertrude McMurry  
and Miss Grace McMurry, Dr. Robert  
Parry, Dr. Goldie, Mr. Harry Morison,  
Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. Erett Kill-  
our, Mr. Pusser Grieg, Mr. Dave  
Ransby, Mr. S. Arnoldi, Mr. Herbert  
Adam, Mr. F. C. Jackson, Mr. Herbert  
Carveth, Mr. Robert N. Merritt, Mr.  
R. C. Graham, Mr. George Doherty and  
Mr. John McLaren.The Young People's Harmony Club  
will produce the pretty comic opera  
of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. The  
Gondoliers, supported by well-known  
professional talent in the leading roles,  
in the Grand Opera House, on the 25th,  
26th and 27th of this month. There will  
be no expense spared to produce it in all  
the brilliance and dash that are necessary  
in comic opera work. The chorus  
is 100 strong, under the conductorship  
of Mr. Adam Dockray, and the principal  
roles will be played by Miss Theresa  
Roller, Miss Mabel Glover, Miss  
Cecilia Roller, Miss Margaret George,  
James Fiddes, George Beach, Frank  
Fulton, Cecil Elliot and Corney Meehan.  
The public will remember that the  
same club produced The Chimes of  
Normandy last year. The performance  
this year is given for the special benefit  
of the soldiers' memorial fund, and it  
is under the personal supervision of  
Miss Theresa Roller, who has shown  
wonderful ability in this line.Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilber Morgan, who  
have been spending the winter in New  
Orleans, La., have returned to Toronto,  
and are residing at 80 Pembroke street,  
where Mrs. Morgan will receive her  
friends on Mondays.Among the guests recently registered  
at the Welland, St. Catharines, are  
Lady Howland, Mrs. Wallace Jones,  
Mr. J. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Buck.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Langlois, Miss  
Maysie Langlois, Mr. and Mrs. R. Mill-  
ichamp, Mr. E. A. Fraser, Miss Bruce  
Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnson,  
Mrs. A. Johnson, Mrs. Fenton Arnton,  
Mr. J. S. McMaster, Mr. Leo R. R.  
Cockburn, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs.  
J. M. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. A. E.  
Webb, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Ellis, Mr.  
and Mrs. Wishart, Miss Harriet Norris, Mr.  
Neil McLean, Mr. and Mrs. W. T.  
Blake, Miss Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth,  
Mrs. S. K. Gooderham, Miss  
Alleine Neville, Mrs. Vankoughnet,  
Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. N. A. Powell,  
Mr. and Mrs. John L. Trekey, Mrs.  
George W. Watts, Mrs. E. M. Jenks,  
Mrs. C. B. Street, Miss Street, all of  
Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John Hoodless,  
Mr. Kerman of Hamilton, Dr. A. E.  
Trant, Dr. Huntley, Dr. and Mrs.  
McMichael, Mrs. A. H. Lee, Miss Southwick  
of Buffalo, Miss Pearce of Mar-  
mora.On Wednesday afternoon Miss Florence  
F. Ryckman, daughter of Rev. Dr. Ryckman  
and Professor William Dale of McMaster University  
were married at the residence of the bride's  
father in Brockville, the Rev. Dr. Ryckman  
performing the ceremony. Only a family party was present. Miss Edith Ryckman was her sister's  
bridesmaid. The party enjoyed the  
wedding breakfast, and after it was  
discussed the bride and groom took the  
boat to Morrisstown, and will spend the  
honeymoon in the Eastern States.Kinder-Sinfonies and Concert will be  
repeated, by special request, under the  
distinguished patronage of Miss Mowat,  
Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. S.  
P. and Mrs. May, Dr. William and Mrs.  
Oldright, in aid of the Children's Shelter,  
on the evening of April 19. Those that have kindly consented to take part are Misses McKidd, Myrtle Campbell,  
Olive Sheppard, Master Bertie Wagner,  
Belle Menzie, Harry Simpson, Miss  
Kidney, Gilonna's Children's Banjo and  
Guitar Club, Misses Clegg and Master  
Frank Clegg. The Sinfonies will be  
under the direction of Prof. H. Wiegand  
of Berlin, Germany. Dances are  
arranged by Miss Amy Sternberg and  
her clever pupils. Tickets may be  
procured from Miss E. Van Norman,  
secretary, or from any of the ladies on  
the board.A Barrie correspondent writes: "A  
pretty Easter wedding took place at  
half past two o'clock on Monday afternoon  
in Trinity Church, Barrie, when  
Miss Isalen Foster of Barrie was mar-  
ried to Mr. Eustace Bird of New York.  
The church was beautifully decorated  
with lilies, palms and ferns, and white  
ribbons marked the pews reserved for  
the guests. The ceremony was per-  
formed by the rector, the Rev. Canon  
Reiner, assisted by the bride's cousin,  
the Rev. Vivian Morgan, of Holy Trinity  
church, Toronto. The service was  
partly choral. The bride was brought in  
and given away by her stepfather, Mr.  
H. H. Strathy, K.C. She wore a  
gown of ivory duchesse satin in train,  
with applique yoke and sleeves, a flinch  
of crepe de chene fastened on the left  
shoulder, and caught up on the skirt  
by sprays of orange blossoms. Her  
beautiful veil was of Limerick lace,  
lent by her aunt to the wife of Senator  
Gowan, who had worn it on the occasion  
of her own marriage. The shower  
bouquet was of frisias, lilles of the val-  
ley and maidenhead ferns. The only  
ornament worn was the gift of the  
bridegroom—a sunburst of diamonds  
and pearls. Miss Mabel Foster was  
maid of honor and Miss Alice Foster,  
Miss Ruth Bird, Miss Gladys Arligh  
and Miss Queenie Strathy of Toronto  
were bridesmaids. The maid of honor and  
two bridesmaids were in accord  
pleated satin, striped chiffon of pale  
maize, green and heliotrope respectively,  
with scarf sashes of black chiffon  
clasped with jet buckles. Their hats  
were of black chiffon, with sprays of  
foliage turned up with black velvet  
and steel buckles. Their bouquets were  
lilles of the valley and maidenhair,  
and each wore gold and pearl brooches,  
the gifts of the bridegroom. The two  
younger bridesmaids, cousins of the  
bride, were in white organdie, tucked  
with Valenciennes insertion, hats of  
white chiffon, with knots of yellow ribbon,  
yellow satin sashes, and carried  
bunches of spring daffodils, which, with  
the pearl shamrock brooches, were also  
brought by the bridegroom. The groomsmen  
was Mr. Jack Hood of Ottawa, and  
the ushers were Mr. Gerard Strathy,  
brother of the bride; Mr. Walter  
Morton, St. Catharines; Mr. Holtord  
Ardagh of Gravenhurst; Mr. Charles  
Crease and Dr. W. A. Ross of Barrie.  
The bride's mother wore black satin,  
with touches of pink, and carried a  
bouquet of cream roses. Mrs. Bird, the  
bridegroom's mother, was in black silk,  
trimmed with point lace, and wore  
pink roses. Immediately after the cere-  
mony a reception was held by Mr. and  
Mrs. Strathy at "Ovenden," when, after  
the dejeuner, Mr. and Mrs. Bird  
left for the South by the evening train,  
followed by the hearty congratulations  
of a host of friends. The bride's tra-  
veling dress was a simple tailor-made  
suit of gray tweed, with a soft gray  
satin bodice, and a black tulie hat,  
with a touch of gray. A gray chiffon  
bona completed the costume.The patrons of the Lanier recital  
next Tuesday evening are Miss Mowat,  
Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. D. Coul-  
ton, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Edward  
Fisher, Mrs. Casimir Gzowski,  
Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. S. H. James,  
Mrs. George Kerr, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs.  
E. B. Osler, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Parkin,  
Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. H.  
S. Strathy, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs.  
Sweeny, Mrs. B. E. Walker. I am told  
that Lady Davies and Miss Ethel Davies  
are to be the guests of Miss Mowat  
at Government House.The Young People's Harmony Club  
will produce the pretty comic opera  
of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. The  
Gondoliers, supported by well-known  
professional talent in the leading roles,  
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is under the personal supervision of  
Miss Theresa Roller, who has shown  
wonderful ability in this line.A powerful Russian romance,  
the plot of which is laid in  
St. Petersburg in the '80's.  
The book teems with exciting  
adventure and dramatic incidents.  
Scenes of political conspiracy and social  
intrigue are vividly described.★★★  
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you to see the finest  
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Draper.I ASK THE ATTENTION OF  
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IN FINE WOOLLENS IN  
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FOR SPRING AND SUM-  
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THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

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National  
Park.**Competitors of the Northern Pacific Rail-  
way say the name **Yellowstone National**  
Park is one to conjure with, thus unwittingly  
bearing witness to the wonders of that won-  
derful Wonderland. Next July the railways  
will make exceedingly low rates to San Fran-  
cisco, as for example, \$35.00 from Chicago,  
including return via Portland and N. P. R.  
Go and see for yourself, California, Oregon,  
Washington, Montana, the cities of Portland,  
Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, St.  
Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and the Superiors,  
and last, but not least, **Yellowstone National**  
Park. If you will send to Chas. S. Fee, St.  
Paul, Minn., for an **Epworth League** map  
folder, you will see the necessity of buying  
your tickets for return via the N. P. R., as no  
other line can offer you all of these attractions  
or more than a fraction thereof. We  
have the only rail line to the Park.**PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS**Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding.  
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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne returned to town for Easter. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Osborne gave a theater party at the Grand, and a supper afterwards at Clover Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Eardley Willmott of Hamilton and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harris of Brantford and a very smart party of Toronto people were their guests.

Those members and their wives and daughters who left the Capital to spend Easter at home missed the very startling experience afforded to the other guests at the Russell, who were routed out of their beds at 2 a.m. by the terrible fire in the Russell Theater. It's a matter of wonder to many how the fire escaped.

The small son of the Chinese Minister at Washington is called Chao Chu. Would anyone translate this as "Rubber"?

Miss Mae Dickenson of Glen Donald is spending the Easter vacation in North Glaston.

To many persons the most delightful bit of portraiture in the Quex play was that of the dear old Countess of Oxburgh, a pure-minded, unsuspecting, innocent grande dame of the old school, who was perfectly represented by Miss Louise Moodie. She stood pure and peaceful amid the froth and scum and sediment of womanhood which flavors the play.

Hon. G. W. Allan was able to come home to Moss Park for Easter untroubled, and returned to Ottawa this week. Mrs. Allan, I am told, remained in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Montreal for a short Easter visit very soon after Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert returned to Toronto. The two brides much enjoyed the family reunion.

The last regular meeting of the Whist Club took place some time ago, but an extra meeting was held this week on Tuesday evening, at the home of a hospitable member who had been prevented from entertaining the club during the season. It was a very pleasant and cordial farewell until the season opens next fall.

The High Park Golf Club dance was held on Thursday evening, in the Temple Assembly Room. A full account will be given next week.

The beautiful Buffalonian, Mrs. Louis Whiting Gay, who sang at Sheas this week, has received many flattering words. On Monday, her first night,

### How They Broke Up.

An amusing story is related in "Canadian Savage Folk" of the manner in which an adjournment was taken by a mass-meeting. A missionary who had started a school among the Indians met with opposition, and the meeting had been called in support of the rival scheme.

There were several speakers who denounced the school in existence. We replied vigorously, showing the efficiency of the school, and denouncing in turn the methods adopted by the opposition. An Indian chief produced some specimens of work done at the school, and several speakers supported the work as it was being done. The climax was reached when a gentleman rose and said:

"I move the whole thing bust!"

The chairman put the motion:

"It is moved and seconded that the whole thing bust!"

The audience sprang to their feet, and waving hats, yelled, "Busted!" and made for the door. Thus ended the first and last opposition in that matter.

The Highland husband, who when his wife was bent on attacking him with the poker got under the bed for safety, and who on her declaiming him as a "coward" and urging him to "come out," looked out from under the bed-vallance and shouted defiantly, "You may wrack me an' you may thrash me, but you'll never brak ma manly spirit!" "I'll na cam 'oot!" is typical of a good many husbands in every age and clime.

### Inverted Fables.

IN THE LAND OF THE OUGHT-TO-BE—  
"Yes," said the First Baby, contemplatively, "I woke up this morning determined to do it, and I did it, and in very truth it was most enjoyable. Her struggles and kicks were so amusing that my sides shook with laughter. Nevertheless, I performed my duty conscientiously and remorselessly."

"And to think," said the Second Baby, "that it was your own brother."

"Ah!" replied the First Baby, "and this but made it the more agreeable; for you, my dear friend, will never know the truth until you have tried it yourself. And now let me tell you what I did. While it was yet morning and my mother was sleeping peacefully, I proceeded to her bedside, and grasping her firmly, I hurried her into the bathroom, where I doused her well and good. Then I put her on my knee, rubbed and slapped her ardently with a coarse towel, wrapped her up in eighteen or twenty heavy blankets, and forced into her mouth the black rubber end of a bottle filled with milk that had been so much modified by science as to take all the good out of it. Then I gave her to a raw-boned Irish girl with a French accent, who pummeled her into a baby carriage and took her out in the park and jogged her up and down the rest of the day."

Moral—The Second Baby repressed a tear by a strong effort.

"But wasn't this cruel?" he observed, with a perceptible shudder.

"Cruel!" exclaimed the First Baby, contemptuously. "Of course it was cruel, you idiot. That's why I enjoyed it so much!"—N.Y. "Life."

### The Lieutenant's Brother.

IT MAY NOT BE generally known that it is considered a serious offence for a German soldier, no matter what may be his rank, to appear in public except in uniform, even though he is on furlough. The army regulations strictly enjoin that he must always wear his uniform.

A certain Lieutenant Schmidt, who was engaged in some lively adventure or other, dressed up as a civilian and was having altogether an enjoyable time until, on turning a corner, he unexpectedly met his colonel.

The lieutenant did not, however, lose his presence of mind. He pretended that he had never seen his colonel before, and in a changed voice asked:

"Can you tell me sir where Lieutenant Schmidt lives? I am his brother from the country and am paying him a little visit, but I happen just now to have lost my way."

The colonel quietly gave the desired information, and Lieutenant Schmidt, congratulating himself on his lucky escape, hurried home and put on his uniform with all possible speed.

He thought, of course, that he had taken in his superior officer, but such an idea was rudely dispelled when on the next day he met his colonel, and the latter said:

"Lieutenant Schmidt, if your brother from the country pays you another visit, I'll have him placed in close confinement for thirty days."

### The King's Limner.

One of the most desirable posts at Windsor Castle is that of "the King's Limner," who in ancient times decorated books and manuscripts with initial letters, and who now prepares the parchment commissions when His Majesty is pleased to confer knighthood or some other honor upon one of his subjects. The man who now fills the post has extraordinary skill with the pen and brush, and his diploma and certificates were greatly admired for their exquisite taste and skilful execution. He receives a salary of \$2,500 a year. The clockmaker at Windsor Castle receives the same compensation, and it is his business to keep all the time-pieces in repair. The historiographer, who is supposed to keep a record of events, holds an hereditary office, with a salary of \$2,500 a year. The master of music receives \$1,500 and arranges concerts for His Majesty's diversion.

## GRIFFITHS' MENTHOL LINIMENT

### FOR RHEUMATISM

If you are anxious to get rid of these Rheumatic pains now and for all time there is only one way to do it. The quickest way to reach the blood is through the skin. Nature put these million pores in your body so that poisons could come out and soothing healing remedies could go in. The only thing that goes in where the roots of Rheumatism are located is Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. First open the pores by bathing the painful parts with warm water and good soap, wipe dry, then rub Griffiths' Liniment right in to where all the pain is. You will be surprised how quickly the pain, swelling and inflammation will all disappear. Rheumatism is inflammation of the joints and muscles, which causes them to swell and pain. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment isn't a cure all, but it does cure inflammation, that is why it will cure all bodily aches and pains. It is a clean, pleasant, vegetable, white oil Liniment that rubs right in. It's the only absolutely non-poisonous Liniment made. Sold everywhere 25 and 75 cents.

Mr. J. Woodward of Massey-Harris Co., Toronto, writes: "I was laid up for several days with inflammatory rheumatism, pains being almost unbearable. I got relief as soon as Griffiths' Menthol Liniment was applied, and one 75 cent bottle rubbed on at intervals during two days entirely cured me."

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King of Norway and Sweden



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### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

Smith—April 5th, Mrs. Chas. H. Smith, Lawrence, Ont., a daughter.

Sutton—March 31st, Mrs. J. L. Sutton, Lindsay, son.

Boulton—April 5th, Mrs. Wolfrid R. Boulton, Beaver, Pa., son.

Smiley—March 28th, Mrs. David Smiley, Toronto, a daughter.

#### Mariages.

Howell—Livingstone—March 2nd, at Sutton, William B. Lander Howell to Edith Lorimer Livingstone.

Sutton—April 9th, Mrs. Sutton, R. Boulton, Beaver, Pa., son.

Ogden—April 5th, at Deer Park, Mrs. Thomas Ogden, aged 92 years.

Smith—April 5th, at Lawrence, Ont., Mrs. Charles H. Smith.

Kingsbury—April 7th, at Toronto, Geo. Morton Kingsbury, in his 61st year.

Leamer—April 6th, at Hamilton, Harold Balmer Leamer, aged 6 months 10 days.

O'Neill—April 6th, at Toronto, Winifred Egan—April 8th, at Brampton, Mary Graham Egan, aged 1 year.

Langlois—March 29th, at Los Angeles, Cal., T. Percy Langlois, in his 31st year.

Simone—March 19th, at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, Annie E. Smith.

Kelman—April 7th, at Newmarket, Jas. A. S. Kelman.

Hayes—April 10th, at Toronto, Sarah Ann Emma Hayes, in her 54th year.

Matthews—April 10th, at Toronto, George E. Matthews, aged 26 years.

Avre—April 5th, at Toronto, Beatrice Avre, aged 1 year, 9 months.

West—April 10th, at San Antonio, Texas, Nellie Morrow West.

Caven—April 7th, at Motherwell, Ont., Harry Miltroy Caven, in her 88th year.

Krelssman—April 7th, at Toronto, Chas. Krelssman, aged 60 years.

Lennox—April 10th, at Hamilton, Martha Robertson Lennox-Anderson.

Mullan—April 6th, at Toronto, Mary Mullan, in her 86th year.

Robinson—April 7th, at Toronto, Alex. P. Robinson.

Washington—April 5th, at Orangeville, Mary Ann Washington.

Gordon—April 10th, at Toronto, Martha Parr Gordon, aged 63 years.

Kitchener, in his 63rd year.

McGill—April 10th, at Brampton, Ann McGillicuddy.

Peter McIlroy—April 10th, at Brampton, Peter Peter McIlroy.

McCullum—April 10th, at Toronto, Arthur Peter McCullum, aged 26 years.

Peter Turquand McCullum, aged 26 years.

